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ON THE

HISTORY, SYSTEM, AND VARIETIES
OF
TURKISH POETRY.

ILLUSTRATED BY SELECTIONS IN THE ORIGINAL, AND IN
ENGLISH PARAPHRASE, WITH A NOTICE OF THE
ISLAMIC DOCTRINE OF THE IMMOR-
TALITY OF WOMAN'S SOUL IN
THE FUTURE STATE.

BY

J. W. REDHOUSE, ESQ.,
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LONDON:
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BY J. W. REDHOUSE, ESQ., M.R.A.S., H.M.R.S.L., &C.

(Read February 12th, 1879.)

THE "Pleasures of Imagination" are the inheritance of the whole human race, barbarous or civilized. None are so untutored as not to indulge in reverie. By some authors, poetry has been said to be the elder sister of prose.

Europe has long been aware that the poets of Greece and Rome were not the first on earth to versify their thoughts.

Classical culture, however, to the virtual exclusion of almost every other branch of study from our schools, colleges, and universities for a long course of centuries, trained the mind of modern Europe, notwithstanding national and linguistical divergences, into a single system of poetical conception; and hence, the poetry of every modern European people is cast in one unvarying fundamental mould; makes use of the same imagery; repeats, in spite of the profession of Christianity, the same old pagan myths;

and follows the same methods of rhymes and metres. Consequently, the barriers of idiom and grammar once surmounted, an English reader, for example, has generally no difficulty in understanding the poets of France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Scandinavia, or even Russia.

When Sir Charles Wilkins and Sir William Jones, nearly a century back, first opened the eyes of the West to the existence of Sanscrit poetry, it was found that Greece had not been the teacher of the whole world in what, for want of a more appropriate term, we are constrained to speak of as the *belles lettres*. But it was also seen that a not very remote community of race between the authors of the Vedas, &c., and the writer or writers of the Iliad, &c., had had, as one effect, the natural consequence, that, on the whole, the ideas and methods of the two branches, eastern and western, of inditing verse, were not so radically different as to create for European students any great difficulty in understanding and admiring the productions of those hitherto unknown Eastern cousins, who, beginning with allusions and metaphors drawn from regions of ice and snow, ended in descriptions of tropical scenery and practices.

The study of Hebrew had already revealed, in some of the books of the Old Testament, a style of poetry very different, in form and matter, from what had come down from the pagan authors of Greece and Rome. Leaving out the form, such portions of the matter of those books as were found appropriate have been, more or less, turned to account, and incorporated in modern European litera-

ture, sacred and profane. But those materials are too scant, and their students too few, besides that these are already ineradicably tinged with the ideas and methods of Greece and Rome, for any notable impression to have been stamped on recent secular verse through this slight intermixture.

Arabian poetry has been studied with success for several centuries; especially in its more archaic and pagan stages. A certain celebrity has thus been given to it in Europe, as one branch of the fruits of mental activity shown by the primitive followers of Islām and their more immediate forefathers. The Mu'allaqāt (*Suspended Poems*, though the actual meaning of the term is a subject of doubt), the Hamāsa (*Odes on Courage, &c.*), and the Agāni (*Songs*), are the best known; others have, however, been noticed by Western scholars.

Persian poetry has also been, to a certain very limited extent, examined by European students. The Shāhnāma (*Book of Kings*) of Firdawsī,—an immense mythical history of Persia from soon after the Deluge to the advent of Islām, in between fifty and sixty thousand couplets, the prose and poetical writings of Sa'dī, and the Odes of Hāfiz, are those most quoted. These authors died, respectively, in A.D. 1020, 1292, and 1395. The first is an epic, the second a didactic, and the third an outwardly bacchanalian or anacreontic, but inwardly a religious mystic, whose writings must be interpreted as our Song of Solomon. Every word in the Odes of Hāfiz has a deep, recondite, inner meaning, the natural parallels being systematically kept up between the details of the inward and spiritual with those of the

outward and visible, as to things and actions. To understand this poet fully, therefore, a complete insight into the mysteries of dervish-doctrine, Sufism—mysticism, as it is commonly called—must be possessed by the inquirer. Of this doctrine, a spiritual union of man with his Maker, through man's love for God, is the central idea, about which all others grow and cluster. The Dervishes may be considered a sort of Freemasons of Islām.

The Turks, the Ottoman Turks, the Turkish-speaking and Turkish-writing Muslim Ottomans, who have so vexed the soul of all Europe for the last six centuries, who have for the last fifty years been themselves rapidly becoming Europeanized in general education, as in laws, naval and military science, and industrial enterprise; but who, with no fault of their own, have been so much misunderstood and misrepresented of late by political hypocrisy, religious bigotry, and classical bias, have been at all times as successful in the poetical and literary lines as they have been great in war and politics. Notices have not been wanting in European writers, from time to time, of the fact that poetry and literature were and are successfully cultivated by the Ottoman Turks. Their talents have frequently been spoken of in terms of very high praise; and specimens have been given, with translations of some of their poets. Von Hammer,¹ in particular, has published in German a special work in six volumes, with extracts from more than two thousand of them; and again, in his history of the Ottoman Empire, mentions at the end of

¹ Hammer-Purgstall, *Geschichte der Osmanischen Dichtkunst*, &c., with translated extracts from 2,200 Poets. Pesth. 1826-31.

every reign the most conspicuous sons of verse of the period, among whom the deceased Sultan himself has frequently been included. Several of these sovereigns have been poets of the highest class ; as, for instance, Sultan Selim I, the conqueror of Syria and Egypt, in A.D. 1517, the first Caliph-Sultan. His father, Bāyezīd II, his grandfather, Muhammed II, the conqueror of Constantinople in A.D. 1453, and the highly talented and noble-minded, but misguided, rebel prince Jem, brother of Bāyezīd, and poisoned by the pope Alexander Borgia, were poets also ; and, perhaps, of no less merit. The gift has not departed from the Imperial line. Mahmūd II was a poet, and bore the literary pseudonym — *nom de plume* — of 'Adlī. His youngest son, the late Sultan 'Abdu-l-'Azīz, possessed the lyric vein, and wrote an autographic impromptu in Turkish verse in Her Majesty's album on board the royal yacht at Spithead, on the occasion of the naval review held there in his honour in 1867. The friend who related the incident, and had read the verses after they were written, could not remember, in their entirety, the exact words recorded. The sense of their conclusion, as furnished at the time, was simply this : "As a memento have I inscribed my name in this book."

His Imperial Majesty's talented Minister of Foreign Affairs, Fu'ād Pasha, who was in the suite of his sovereign during that journey, was a poet of distinction, as was also his father, 'Izzet Molla, one of the Vice-Chancellors of the Empire in the time of Sultan Mahmūd. At some time during the calamitous days of the Greek insurrection, before the epoch of the destruction of the Janissaries, Navarino, and

the Russian War that led to the treaty of Adrianople—namely, at about the date when the Prince, afterwards the Sultan 'Abdu-'l-Majīd was born, in 1823 or 1824—'Izzet Molla had incurred the displeasure of a powerful colleague, and had been banished from Constantinople to the town of Keshān, situated between Rodosto and the Lower Maritza. At his death, a poem of about seven thousand couplets, and entitled, according as its name, *مَحْتَشَان*, may be read or understood, "The Suffering One," "The Sufferers," or "The Sufferings of Keshān," was found among his papers, and was published by his grandson, Nāzim Bey, son of Fu'ād Pasha. From this poem, which contains the chronogram of the birth of Sultan 'Abdu-'l-Majīd, A.H. 1238, a few selections are given among the paraphrases that illustrate this paper. Another Turkish impromptu, here given also—No. 12 of the Series—was composed by Fu'ād Pasha himself, and written by him in the album of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The delicacy of appreciation and refinement of epigrammatic expression contained in this poetic gem can hardly be surpassed.

The tender pathos of the "Elegy on a Lady," by Fāzil, found among the paraphrases—No. 2 of the series—is of so sweetly graceful a character, that few such productions are to be hoped for in any language, ancient or modern. Its address to the "Trusted Seraph," the archangel Gabriel, to "welcome her with smiles," is in itself a sufficient refutation to the erroneous idea so current in most European circles, and pointedly repeated in an address²

² The Gospel in the Ottoman Empire. A Paper read at the Meet-

read on the 2nd of October last, at Milwaukee, to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to the effect that "the faith of Islām teaches its followers that woman does not possess a soul." Sale, in a paragraph of the fourth section in the preliminary discourse to his translation of the Qur'ān,³ has long since shown this notion to be false, and has referred to a series of texts in that book to prove his assertion. It would be nothing less than infamous, wilfully to make such unfounded statements with a guilty knowledge of their falsity; it is still a sin and a crime to spread them abroad thoughtlessly, wrongfully, mischievously, in ignorance of their erroneous nature. The following passages from the "Qur'ān" are conclusive on the subject:

وَعَدَ اللَّهُ الْمُنَافِقِينَ وَالْمُنَافِقَاتِ وَالْكُفَّارَ نَارَ جَهَنَّمَ خَالِدِينَ فِيهَا

"God hath promised to the hypocrites and hypocritesses and to the blasphemers, the fire of hell, wherein they shall be for ever." (Chap. ix, v. 69.)

وَعَدَ اللَّهُ الْمُؤْمِنِينَ وَالْمُؤْمِنَاتِ جَنَّاتٍ تَجْرِي مِنْ تَحْتِهَا الْأَنْهَارُ
خَالِدِينَ فِيهَا

"God hath promised to the believers and believeresses, gardens through which rivers flow; wherein they shall be for ever." (Chap. ix, v. 73.)

ing of the A.B.C.F.M., at Milwaukee, October 2nd, 1878. By Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the Board. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press, 1878. (See p. 8, par. 3.)

³ The "Chandos Classics." The Koran, &c., by George Sale. (See p. 80, l. 11.) Unfortunately, the verses in the Chapters had not then been numbered. Reference is, therefore, next to impossible. For this reason, I give the original, with chapter and verse in each case.

أُولَئِكَ لَهُمْ عَقَبَى الدَّارِ جَنَّاتٌ عَدْنٍ يَدْخُلُونَهَا وَمَنْ صَلَحَ مِنْ
آبَائِهِمْ وَأَزْوَاجِهِمْ وَذُرِّيَّتِهِمْ

“These are they who shall have the perpetuity of the mansion, the gardens of Eden, which they shall enter, and they who have been righteous from among their fathers, and their wives, and their offspring. (Chap. xiii, v. 22-23.)

إِنَّ الْمُسْلِمِينَ وَالْمُسْلِمَاتِ وَالْمُؤْمِنِينَ وَالْمُؤْمِنَاتِ وَالْقَانِتِينَ
وَالْقَانِتَاتِ وَالصَّادِقِينَ وَالصَّادِقَاتِ وَالصَّابِرِينَ وَالصَّابِرَاتِ
وَالْجَاشِعِينَ وَالْجَاشِعَاتِ وَالْمُتَصَدِّقِينَ وَالْمُتَصَدِّقَاتِ وَالصَّائِمِينَ
وَالصَّائِمَاتِ وَالْحَافِظِينَ فُرُوجَهُمْ وَالْحَافِظَاتِ وَالذَّاكِرِينَ اللَّهَ
كَثِيرًا وَالذَّاكِرَاتِ أَعَدَّ اللَّهُ لَهُمْ مَغْفِرَةً وَأَجْرًا عَظِيمًا

“Verily for the believers and believeresses, the faithful men and faithful women, the devout men and devout women, the veracious men and veracious women, the patient men and patient women, the meek men and meek women, the almsgiving men and almsgiving women, the fasting men and fasting women, they who preserve custody over their secret parts, men and women, the frequent invokers of God, men and women, hath God prepared forgiveness and a great reward.” (Chap. xxxiii, v. 35.)

هُمْ وَأَزْوَاجُهُمْ فِي ظِلَالٍ عَلَى الْأَرَائِكِ مُتَكِدُونَ

“They and their wives, in shady places, reclining on couches.” (Chap. xxxvi, v. 56.)

ادْخُلُوا الْجَنَّةَ أَنْتُمْ وَأَزْوَاجُكُمْ تُحْبَرُونَ

“Enter into paradise, ye and your wives; you shall be gladdened.” (Chap. xliii, v. 70.)

لِيَدْخُلَ الْمُؤْمِنِينَ وَالْمُؤْمِنَاتِ جَنَّاتٍ تَجْرِي مِنْ تَحْتِهَا الْأَنْهَارُ
خَالِدِينَ فِيهَا

“That He may cause the men who have faith, and the women who have faith, to enter into gardens through which the rivers flow, to be therein for ever.” (Chap. xlvi, v. 5.)

وَيُعَذِّبُ الْمُنَافِقِينَ وَالْمُنَافِقَاتِ وَالْمُشْرِكِينَ وَالْمُشْرِكَاتِ
الظَّالِمِينَ بِاللَّهِ ظَنُّ السُّوءِ

“And that He may inflict torment on the hypocrites and hypocritesses, on the men and women who attribute partners unto God, the unjust towards God in their wicked imagination.” (Chap. xlvi, v. 6.)

يَوْمَ تَرَى الْمُؤْمِنِينَ وَالْمُؤْمِنَاتِ يَسْعَى نُورُهُمْ بَيْنَ أَيْدِيهِمْ وَبِأَيْمَانِهِمْ
بِشْرَاكُمُ الْيَوْمَ جَنَّاتٌ تَجْرِي مِنْ تَحْتِهَا الْأَنْهَارُ خَالِدِينَ فِيهَا

“On a day when thou shalt behold the believers and believeresses, whose light shall go before them, and on their right hand (*the salutation unto them shall be*): Your glad tidings this day (*is*): Gardens through which rivers flow, to be therein for ever.” (Chap. lvii, v. 12.)

ضَرَبَ اللَّهُ مَثَلًا لِلَّذِينَ كَفَرُوا امْرَأَتَ نُوحَ وَامْرَأَتَ لُوطَ كَانَتَا تَحْتَ
عَبْدَيْنِ مِنْ عِبَادِنَا صَالِحَيْنِ فَخَانَتَاهُمَا فَلَمْ يَغْنِيَا عَنْهُمَا مِنَ اللَّهِ
شَيْئًا وَقِيلَ ادْخُلَا النَّارَ مَعَ الدَّاهِلِينَ

“God hath offered, as a parable for them who blaspheme, the wife of Noah and the wife of Lot, which two women were wedded to two righteous men, servants from among our servants, towards whom they were disobedient, so that the two men were of no avail for them with God: and it was said: Enter you two into hell-fire, with them who enter.” (Chap. lxvi, v. 10.)

سَيُجْلَى نَارًا ذَاتَ لَهَبٍ وَامْرَأَتَهُ جَمَالَ الْخَطَبِ فِي جِيدِهَا
حَبْلٌ مِنْ مَسَدٍ

“He shall roast in a flaming fire, and his wife shall be the carrier of its firewood, with a rope of palm-fibre round her neck.” (Chap. cxi, v. 3-5.)

Another passage of the Qur’ān, not so explicit in words, but equally decisive in sense, is found in the eleventh and twelfth verses of the sixty-sixth chapter, already mentioned, which are as follows :—

وَضَرَبَ اللَّهُ مَثَلًا لِلَّذِينَ آمَنُوا امْرَأَةً فِرْعَوْنَ إِذْ قَالَتْ رَبِّ ابْنِ
لِي عِنْدَكَ بَيْتًا فِي الْجَنَّةِ وَنَجِّنِي مِنَ فِرْعَوْنَ وَعَمَلِهِ وَنَجِّنِي
مِنَ الْقَوْمِ الظَّالِمِينَ * وَمَرْيَمَ ابْنَتَ عِمْرَانَ الَّتِي أَحْصَنَتْ فَرْجَهَا
وَنَفَخْنَا فِيهِ مِن رُّوحِنَا وَصَدَّقَتْ بِكَلِمَاتِ رَبِّهَا وَكُتِبَ عَلَيْهَا
مِنَ الْقَانِتِينَ

“God hath also propounded, as an example of those who have believed, the woman of Pharaoh ; for she said : My Lord build Thou for me a chamber by thee in paradise, and deliver Thou me from Pharaoh and his works, and deliver Thou me from the unjust people ; and also Mary,⁴ the daughter of ‘Imrān, who kept herself a chaste virgin, and into whose womb We breathed of our spirit, who held for true the words of her Lord, and His scriptures, and who was one of the devout.”

Apostolic tradition, as related concerning the sayings and doings of Muhammad by his personal disciples, and handed down by successions of trusted witnesses, is equally strong on this subject, and is second in authority, with Muslims, only to the Qur’ān itself. For instance, he is thus reported to have informed his followers, as points of incontestable knowledge divinely revealed to him, that

⁴ The Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus.

certain of his deceased friends, about a dozen in number at different times, had already been rewarded for their earthly virtues by admission into the joys of heaven. Among these was his first wife, the faithful and devoted Khadija, his first convert, of whom he is related to have declared :

أَمَرْتُ أَنْ أَبْشَرَ خَدِيجَةَ بِبَيْتٍ مِنْ قَصَبٍ لَا ضَجَبَ فِيهِ
وَلَا نَصَبَ

“I have been commanded to gladden Khadija with the good tidings of a chamber of hollow pearl, in which is no clamour and no fatigue.”⁵

An apostolic injunction, similarly reported, and regularly carried out as a constant practice in the divine worship of Islām, repeated five times daily, at least, as an incumbent duty, is that, on the conclusion of the prescribed form of service, each worshipper, male or female, shall offer up a voluntary prayer, a collect, for the forgiveness of the sins of the supplicant, and of his or her “two parents.” This is the more remarkable, since Muhammad is reported to have declared himself expressly forbidden to pray for his own parents, they having died pagans in his childhood. He wept over his mother’s grave on visiting it in his old age, but he was inhibited from praying for God’s mercy on her.

Noah and Abraham are mentioned in the Qur’ān (xiv, 42, and lxxi, 29) as having so prayed for their “two parents.”

Another institution of Muhammad, continued to this day, is the solemn address or sermon named

⁵ Wustenfeld’s “Ibnū-Hishām,” Vol. I, p. 156, l. 2-3.

Khutba,⁶ ^{صَلَاةُ}الْحُطْبَةِ and pronounced every Friday at noon, in two parts, after the congregational service, in every cathedral mosque, by a special functionary (there are no "*priests*" in Islām), thence called Khatib, ^{صَلَاةُ}الْخَطِيبِ. In the second part of this address, a special clause is always inserted, praying for the bestowal of the divine mercy and grace on Fātima (Muhammad's daughter, his only child that survived him), on his two first wives, Khadija and 'A'isha, (all three by name), on all his other wives (without mention of their names), and on "all resigned and believing women, living or dead."

In imitation of these two practices, it is a very general custom for authors and copyists, Muslims, on completing a work, to add a colophon, in which they praise God for the mercy, and offer a prayer for the pardon of their sins, with the extension of mercy and grace to them in the life to come, and to "both their parents." To this is sometimes added : "also to my elders, to my brethren in God (whose name be glorified), to all resigned men (*muslimīn*) and resigned women (*muslimāt*), to all believing men (*mu'minīn*), and believing women (*mu'mināt*), living or dead ; Amen ;" thus :⁷

غَفَرَ اللَّهُ لِيْ وَ لِوَالِدَيَّ وَ لِمَشَاخِئِيْ وَ لِإِخْوَانِيْ فِيْ اللَّهِ تَعَالَى
وَلِلْمُسْلِمِيْنَ وَ الْمُسْلِمَاتِ وَ الْمُؤْمِنِيْنَ وَ الْمُؤْمِنَاتِ الْآحْيَاءِ مِنْهُمْ
وَالْأَمْوَاتِ آمِينَ

The following is a paragraph from the Burial

⁶ Lane's "Modern Egyptians ;" London, 1860, p. 89, l. 1-7.

⁷ From an old manuscript in my possession.

Service of Islām, as recited over every adult female on interment :⁸

اللَّهُمَّ اغْفِرْ لِحَيِّنَا وَمَيِّتِنَا وَشَاهِدِنَا وَغَائِبِنَا وَصَغِيرِنَا وَكَبِيرِنَا
وَذَكَرِنَا وَأَنَاثِنَا اللَّهُمَّ مِنْ أَحْيَيْتَهُ مِنَّا فَاحْيِهِ عَلَى الْإِسْلَامِ
وَمِنْ تَوَفَيْتَهُ مِنَّا فَتَوَفَّهُ عَلَى الْإِيمَانِ وَخَصَّ هَذِهِ الْمَيِّتَةَ بِالرُّوحِ
وَالرَّاحَةِ وَالْمَغْفِرَةِ وَالرِّضْوَانِ اللَّهُمَّ إِنْ كَانَتْ مُحْسِنَةً فَزِدْ فِي
أَحْسَانِهَا وَإِنْ كَانَتْ مُسِيئَةً فَجَاوِزْ عَنْهَا وَلِقِهَا الْأَمْنَ وَالْبَشْرَى
وَالْكَرَامَةَ وَالزَّلْفَى وَخَلِّصْهَا مِنْ عَذَابِ الْقَبْرِ وَالنَّيِّرَانِ وَأَسْكِنْهَا
فِي دَارِ الْجَنَانِ مَعَ الْوِلْدَانِ اللَّهُمَّ اجْعَلْ قَبْرَهَا رَوْضَةً مِنْ رِيَاضِ
الْجَنَّةِ وَلَا تَجْعَلْ قَبْرَهَا حَفْرَةً مِنْ حَفْرِ النَّيِّرَانِ بِرَحْمَتِكَ يَا أَرْحَمَ
الرَّاحِمِينَ

“O God, pardon Thou our living and our dead, those of us looking on and those of us absent, our little ones and our adults, our males and our females.

“O God, unto whomsoever Thou grant life, cause Thou him to live resigned to Thy will (a Muslim); and whomsoever Thou call away, make Thou him to die in the faith (a Mu'min).

“Cause Thou this departed one to possess the solace and the ease, the mercy and the grace.

“O God, if she have been a worker of good works, then do Thou add unto her good works. And if she have been an evil-doer, do Thou pass it over. And may security and glad tidings surround her, with honour and privilege. And free Thou her from the torment of the grave and of hell-fires, causing her to dwell in the abode of the paradises, with her children. O God, make Thou her tomb a garden of the gardens of heaven; and let not her grave be a pit of the pits

⁸ Mawqūfātī, Commentary on the Multaqa, vol. i, p. 148, l. 14-19.

of perdition. For Thy mercy's sake, O Thou most compassionate of the merciful."

When the defunct is an infant, a non-adult, not a stillborn corpse, a different prayer is used, as follows; no prayer for pardon being needed for one not responsible :—

اللَّهُمَّ اجْعَلْهَا لَنَا فَرَطًا ۖ اللَّهُمَّ اجْعَدِهَا لَنَا أَجْرًا ۖ وَ ذَخْرًا
وَ اجْعَلْهَا لَنَا شَافِعَةً مَشْضَعَةً

"O God, make Thou her unto us a fore-runner, a means of reward and of future provision, and an intercessor whose supplication is acceded to."

That the idea of the coequal immortality of the souls of women with those of men is an ever-living principle of faith among Muslims, is further strikingly evidenced on the tombstones of deceased Muslim women, which everywhere, and throughout the whole thirteen centuries that have elapsed since the promulgation of the faith of Islām, contain inscriptions parallel to those graven over the tombs of men, ending, like these, with the appeal to passers-by, that they will offer up to the throne of grace a recitation of the "Opening Chapter" of the Qur'ān, *الفَاتِحَةِ*, as a "pious work" for the benefit of the soul of the departed one.

As a special instance of the vivacity of this belief among Muslims in the immortality of women's souls, it may be considered interesting if I here add the original and a versified translation of a very remarkable passage in the *Būstān* of Sa'dī, one of the greatest of Persia's modern poets, who died at his native town of Shīrāz in A.D. 1292, at the age

of a hundred and twenty, after having been for a time a prisoner of war, a galley-slave, in the hands of the Crusaders in Syria.

برادر از کار بدان شرم دار که در روی نیکان شوی شرمسار
 در آن روز کز فعل پرسند و قول اولو العزم را تن بلرزد ز هول
 بجائی که دهشت خورند انبیا تو عذر گنه را چه داری بیا
 زنائی که طاعت بر غبت برند ز مردان ناپارسا بگذرند
 ترا شرم ناید ز مردی خویش که باشد زنان را قبول از تو بیش
 زنان را بعذر معین که هست ز طاعت بدارند گه گاه دست
 تو بیدریک سونشینی چوزن روای کم ز زن لاف مردی مزین

“Be ashamed, my Brother, to work deeds of sin ;
 Or rebuked thou’lt be in the face of good men.
 On the day thou’lt be question’d of thought, word, and deed,
 E’en the righteous will quake from just dread of their meed.
 In that court where the saints may well crouch with dismay,
 What excuse wilt thou give for thy sins ? Come now ; say !
 Devout women, the Lord God who’ve faithfully serv’d,
 Shall high precedence hold over men that have swerv’d.
 Hast no shame, thou, a man, as thou call’st thyself now,
 That then women shall o’er thee a preference know ?
 Spite their physical hindrances, women shall then,
 Here and there, through devotion, take rank before men.
 Thou, excuseless, shalt there, woman-like, stand apart.
 Plume thee not as a man ! Less than woman, depart !”⁹

Return we now to our Ottoman poetry.

The remaining paraphrases have, like the “Elegy on a Lady,” been taken from a treatise on Rhetoric in Turkish, by Sulaymān Pasha, the unsuccessful general of the Sultan’s forces in Rumelia during the

⁹ Graf’s “Boustān de Saadi,” p. 419, l. 1-6.

late war, composed by him when a Professor in the Military Academy of Constantinople. Two, however, must be excepted, the "Epitaph on an Officer killed in Battle," and the address "To a Lady, with the writer's photograph." These were furnished by a friend, and are quite recent.

Poetry never having been an especial object of my past research or predilection, though a choice passage always had a high value in my esteem, I must tender an apology to the able writers whose ideas I have ventured to clothe in words of an alien tongue utterly incapable to convey the many charms which a good poet always knows so well how to blend with his diction. The excuse for my undertaking is to be sought in my wish to remove from the public mind the idea that the Ottoman Turks are an ignorant, untutored set of barbarians, void of literature, destitute of poets, and lacking of statesmen, as has been set forth of late by sundry of our public speakers.

I do not know who may have been the orator, that, according to a letter printed in the Supplement to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 194, of Friday, 13th July, 1877, being himself "a lord who passes for both learned and talented," communicated to his constituents the weighty information that the Turks are a barbarous people, since they have no literature, and have never had any poets, &c., &c. "Da hatten wir das erquickende Schauspiel einen für gelehrt und geistreich geltenden Lord zu sehen, der seinen Wählern die wichtige Mittheilung machte: 'die Türken seien auch schon desshalb ein barbarisches Volk, weil sie gar keine Literatur besitzen, nie Dichter gehabt haben; u.s.w.'" I do know, however, that the

Turks possess, and have long possessed, both before and since the foundation of the Ottoman Empire, a body of very learned, erudite men of letters, as deeply read as the best of our University Professors; a voluminous literature in poetry, history, science, and fiction; and a succession of talented statesmen, of whom any nation might feel proud. That "learned and talented Lord" must have relied upon the lack of information of his audience when he gave expression to the proposition above set forth.

The remote ancestors of the Turks were, possibly, not only the first nation that worked iron, steel, and all metals; but were also, perhaps, the very inventors of writing, or its introducers into the west of Asia. The oldest cuneiform inscriptions are in a Turanian language, the science contained in which was so highly valued by the neighbouring monarchs as to be translated at their command into the primitive Semitic, at a date when the Greeks were still unlettered barbarians. In modern times, the observatory erected by order of Ulug-Beg (sometimes written "Ulugh Beigh"), grandson of Tīmūr, at Samarkand, in about the year 1430-40, where the twelve hundred and odd stars contained in Ptolemy's catalogue, except a few of the most southern ones, invisible there, were re-observed and re-catalogued, was a Turkish tribute to science. The "Alphonsine Tables," the first astronomical tables prepared in Europe, between 1250 and 1284, and even then from Arabian sources, were not published (*read*, printed) until 1483;¹⁰ while Tycho Brahe's catalogue of only 777 stars was first given to the world in 1602.

¹⁰ Mem. Roy. Astr. Soc., Vol. xiii: London, 1843, p. 30, footnote (*).

Tīmūr, though he nearly ruined the fortunes of the Ottoman dynasty in 1402, by his defeat and capture of Sultan Bāyezīd I “the Thunderbolt,” ^{يَلْدَرِيم}, was a Turk himself, and was a great patron of learning. His “Laws” are still extant in his native tongue, the Turkish.

Bābur, his great-great-great-grandson, the conqueror of India in 1525, was founder of the dynasty that, erroneously known in Europe as the line of the “Great Moguls,” ruled with dwindling power in that country to our day. He, too, was a Turk, and wrote his own Memoirs in Turkish. These are now being published in India,¹¹ in original and in translation.

Another Turkish writer of the race of Tīmūr, was Nizāmu-’d-Dīn ‘Alī-Shīr, well known as Mīr Alishir, and by his poetical pseudonym of Newā’ī. He was the Vazīr of his cousin, Husayn Mirza, Sultan of Herāt, also a descendant from Tīmūr. He died about the year 1500; and has left numerous works on various subjects, in Turkish and in Persian, in prose and in verse, that are highly esteemed to this day; especially his “Trial of the Two Languages,”¹² in which he weighs the respective merits of the Turkish and Persian tongues for literary purposes, and decides in favour of the former,—of the Turkish.

The Tatārs, too, and the Turkmans, both Turkish-speaking peoples, have had numberless writers and poets. Of the former, besides ‘Abū-l-Gāzi, Prince of Khīva (born A.D. 1605), and author of the

¹¹ ^{بابرنامه}. The Autobiographical Memoirs of the Emperor Bābur.

¹² ^{محاكمة لغتين}.

“Genealogy of the Turks,” شَجَرَةُ تَرْكِي، I will only instance Shāhīn-Girāy, the last of the Khāns, sovereigns of the Crimea, a traitor to his own suzerain and country, a tool and dupe of the licentious Catherine II of Russia, assassin of her own husband and sovereign. There may be seen, in Vol. 18, New Series. for 1861, of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, in original and in translation, a “Circular Ode,” by this prince, very ingenious in its arrangement. It is accompanied by a summary of the history of Catherine’s treacherous and sanguinary theft of Shāhīn’s dominions. Both these authors were descendants of Jingīz. As to the Turkmen, there has been published, at the expense of the “Oriental Translation Fund,” in London, in 1842, a metrical romance, called “Kurroglu,” in English translation, by M. Chodzko, with specimens of the original. It is one of countless similar ballads current among the Turkish-speaking peoples of the East. Its published title of “Popular Poetry of Persia,” is somewhat misleading; for the romance is composed in the provincial Turkish *patois* of the nomadic Turkmen—not in Persian of any sort: of which, however, some *patois* specimens are also added.

The Ottoman Turks have produced an uninterrupted succession of excellent writers from the earliest times to the present. Besides their numerous poets of repute, among whom figure a certain number of ladies, they have had a long line of good historians, and crowds of writers on law, theology, tradition, ethics, philosophy, mathematics, astronomy,

and astrology, geography, medicine, *materia medica*, biography, lexicology, fiction, &c. The works of many Turkish authors on theologico-legal subjects are written in Arabic, and those of some are in Persian, as the great mystical poem known as the *Masnawī* or *Mesnevī*,¹³ composed at Qonya (Iconium), by Jelālu-'d-Dīn, commonly called *Mevlānā* (our Lord), the founder of the order of dervishes known as the *Dancing Dervishes*.

That the Ottomans had, like all other Eastern nations, for the last several centuries, been content to rest on their oars while Europe has been advancing, very gradually at first, but with a rapidity in these latter days that has become marvellous, is quite true. But during the last fifty years, intellectual activity in respect to the applied sciences has again been awakened in Turkey; newspapers have everywhere multiplied in numerous languages, to suit the heterogeneous races that populate the empire; schools and colleges on modern principles, in addition to the old and ubiquitous church and mosque schools, have been established in every province, among every religious community; the military and naval Academies may be ranked on a par with those of most other nations; codes of laws on European principles have been elaborated, while lawyers and judges for the administration of the same, on the basis of perfect equality for all religions, have gradually been forming; a constitution has been proclaimed, and a parliament assembled; material improvement in many branches of activity

has been fostered ; and, though mistakes will naturally have occurred in the hurry of eagerness to improve, still to those who watch the inner workings of the machine, it is clear that considerable progress for good has been made, though wars and foreign intrigues, as well as "vested interests," have tended to clog the wheels and retard the pace. Now that England has undertaken the very complicated task of assisting to guide with her good counsel the future course of the still great Ottoman Empire, with its population of thirty millions under the direct rule of the Sultan, in the well-being of which the dearest interests, moral and material, of all western Europe are indissolubly bound up, we may at least wish and hope that all further calculating mischief may be warded off, and that, after a reasonable interval, the regenerated Ottoman Empire, with all its varied populations, will be seen standing proudly erect, in freedom, prosperity, and happiness, serving as a firm centre from whence may be diffused rays of light and comfort to more distant and less happily circumstanced peoples.

The specimens of Ottoman Turkish poetry here offered, in paraphrase of English verse, are fourteen in number, and are of various ages, from the early part of the sixteenth century to the present time. In three or four centuries the Ottoman Turkish language has not had to be modernised in expression, as English, French, and German have been. The language was as perfect then as it is now, in the hands of masters ; but there is as much difference now as there was then in the respective vernaculars of the capital and the various provinces.

The orthography of Arabic words, whether employed in the Arabic, the Persian, the Turkish, or any other Muslim language, has never admitted or required modification, from the pre-Islamic days downwards. The spelling of the Persian has also been unalterably fixed for the last thousand years or so; with the addition that, unlike Arabic words, which permit no modification, the long vowels in Persian vocables may be rejected for the sake of metre, and interchanged to a certain extent for the sake of rhyme. The former privilege is utilized in Persian words by Ottoman poets; the latter is used by Persians only. The spelling of Turkish words by Ottomans, and by their Eastern cousins, has not this absolute fixity; more especially as regards the use of vowel-letters. These, which are not then always long, as they are in Arabic and Persian, are more or less optional, being sometimes inserted, and sometimes omitted, even by the same writer; and especially in poetry, for the sake of metre.

Unlike English, French, and other Western languages again, in which all Greek and Latin words, adopted or compounded, are more or less divergently modified in orthography and pronunciation, to suit the usage of each, or for example, *ἐπίσκοπος*, *vescovo*, *évêque*, *bischof*, *bishop*, &c.; and unlike even the Arabic, which, in adopting Persian or Turkish words, always more or less modifies and disfigures them, as does the Persian in adopting Turkish words, the Persian takes all its Arabic words and expressions, and the Turkish all its Arabic and Persian words and expressions, exactly as found in the originals, without altering a single letter in any

one of them. We use Latin and French or Italian words in this way to a certain very limited extent, as when we employ such expressions as *crux*, *lapis-lazuli*, *lapsus linguæ*, *lusus naturæ*, *ad hoc*, *ipse dixit*, &c. ; *laissez-faire*, &c. ; *chiaro-scuro*, &c. ; but these are then always marked as foreign importations.

What the Ottoman scholar does with his borrowed Arabic and Persian words, exactly as educated English people do with their Greek and Latin terms, is to pronounce them in a way of his own ; and always so as to soften down the asperities of the horribly guttural Arabic, and of the much vaunted, but really very harsh Persian. The Ottoman Turkish is a beautifully soft, melodious speech, with eleven different short vowel sounds, most of which may be made long also. This is a fuller supply of vowel power than is possessed by any other tongue known to me ; though, to judge from the written representations, ancient Greek must have been rich in this respect. Russian is perhaps the best off for vowels of modern European languages ; though the French vowel *u* is wanting in it, as in English and Italian. Russian, as Turkish, has eleven vowels ; or rather, it has eleven vowel letters, while French has seven vowel sounds, and Italian only five. Four of the Russian vowel letters are, however, mere duplicates of four others, with a consonantal *y* sound preceding the vowel. This adscititious sound of consonantal *y* is much used in Turkish also, but only after the letters *k*, ک, and *hard g*, گ. It is of frequent occurrence in English, too ; though, as in Turkish, it has no written representative. Thus we write *tune*, and pronounce *tyune*, &c.

Turkish poetry follows the system and very numerous rules of metre and rhyme elaborated by the Arabs, and added to by the Persians. The metres are extremely multitudinous; and the "feet" are of much greater variety than in Greek and Latin verse. The rhyming system has two principal branches; the one is of Arabian origin, the other is, I think, Persian. In the Arabian method, the terminations of all the distichs (بَيْتٌ, بَيْتٌ) rhyme with one another and also, for the most part, with the termination of the first hemistich (مِصْرَاعٌ, مِصْرَاعٌ) of the opening distich. This "opening distich," of which the two hemistichs rhyme with one another, has a special technical name (مَطْلَعٌ, مَطْلَعٌ), not borne by the opening distich of a piece of poetry in which the two hemistichs do not rhyme together, as is sometimes seen. In the Persian system, on the contrary, the terminations of the distichs do not rhyme with one another; but those of the two hemistichs in each distich are in rhyme. This Persian arrangement bears the Arabic name of Masnawī (مَسْنَوِيٌّ); in Turkish, Mesnevī; and this means *consisting of paired rhymes*. This name is applied, *par excellence*, to the great mystic poem by Jelālu'-d-Dīn of Qonya lately mentioned. Arabian poetry, as in Persian and Turkish pieces, is sometimes found without an "opening distich" in which the hemistichs rhyme. Such pieces are styled "fragments" (قِطْعَةٌ, قِطْعَةٌ).

Metrical compositions bear various names, according to their respective lengths. Thus, there is the *single metrical hemistich* (مِصْرَاع), in which rhyme cannot, of course, be considered. Many a solitary sentiment is thus expressed. Next comes the *distich* or *couplet* (بَيْت), of two rhyming hemistichs, and forming the complete expression of a sentiment more or less compounded. Then we have the *tetrastich* (رَبَاعِي), always in Arabian rhyme, though sometimes the third hemistich rhymes preferentially also with the other three. Many beautiful sentiments are expressed in this very favourite form. Almost every poet's collected works contain a chapter of tetrastichs (رَبَاعِيَّات). The "fragment" has already been defined; it may be of two or of any greater number of distichs. The "Ode" (غَزَل) always in Arabian rhyme, with a regular opening distich, may contain from seven to twelve distichs, in the last of which the poet must give his name. The "Idyl" (تَصِيدَة), also in Arabian rhyme, is of thirteen distichs and upwards. There are, furthermore, poems arranged in strophes or stanzas, the strophes consisting each of an equal number of distichs, generally from five to ten, arranged in Arabian metre with an opening distich; but the various strophes need not be of the same rhyme. Of the same metre they must be throughout any one such poem; and the last distichs of the several strophes must rhyme with one another, something like our "*chorus*." This rhyme may be the same

with that of the first strophe, though this is not obligatory; and the last distichs of all the strophes may be repetitions of the same words in each; though this, too, is optional. A separate special name is given, technically, to such poem according to the recurrence or non-recurrence of the same words in these last distichs of the strophes (تَرْكِيبٌ بَدَدَ، تَرْجِيعٌ بَدَدَ).

According to the subjects, there are epics and lyrics, songs (مَعْنَى، شَرْقِ، تَرْكِی)، anacreontics, eulogiums (مَدْحِیَّه)، satires (هَجَوِ)، lampoons, elegies, dirges (مَرْثِیَّه)، anthems (الْأَهْیِ)، ballads, epigrams, chronograms (تَارِیْخِ)، enigmas (مَعْمَا)، facetiae (هَزْلِیَّاتِ)، and what not, in as great profusion and variety as in any other known tongue. This is not, however, the place for an exhaustive survey of the subject. Enough has already been said, perhaps, to convict of very unguarded venturesomeness, the “learned and talented” orator who had denied to a gifted nation its meed of well-deserved literary reputation, and who deduced from his false premises the unfounded and utterly irrelevant conclusion that “they are therefore a barbarous people.” Instances are by no means lacking among ourselves to show that learning and talent do not always “soften manners.” It would not, then, be wise or true to retort that “because the Turks possess a voluminous literature, as old at least as that of England’s vernacular, and because they have now, as they always have had, poets by the score, therefore they are a

civilized race." Civilization, after all, is something like orthodoxy : " Mine is genuine ; all others are spurious." Learned Turks, Persians, Chinese, &c., in their isolation and pride of pedantry, usually look upon us Europeans as unlettered savages, because we do not speak, read, and write their languages. Ought we, cosmopolitan as we fondly think ourselves, and as we really are in comparison, to show ourselves as narrow in our views, as unjust, and as uncharitable, as they undoubtedly are in this respect ?

I have met with a very pertinent anecdote in D'Herbelot's "*Bibliothèque Orientale*," *voce* "Ahmed Basha," which shows to what an extent, and in what olden time, poetry was commonly cultivated among the Ottoman Turks, and employed on all manners of occasions.

"Ahmed Pasha, known as Hersek-Oglu, from his being a son of the Christian prince, Stephen, Duke of Bosnia, was brought up as a Turkish Muslim. He became son-in-law to Sultan Bāyezīd the Second, one of whose generals he was," and was four times Grand Vazīr. "He was a good Turkish poet. Being one day in a public bath, where he was waited on by a number of handsome young slaves, a satirist there present composed a lampoon to this effect :

"Le Ciel est maintenant bien deshonoré,
Puisque les Anges sont obligés de servir le Diable.

"The Pasha avenged himself, poetically, by answering with the following squib :

"Le Ciel était aveugle ; et il est maintenant devenu sourd ;
Car il n'est plus resté de muets dans le monde, depuis
qu'un chacun se mêle de faire des vers."

It were devoutly to be wished that D'Herbelot had given the original Turkish, as he sometimes does with Arabic and Persian sentences and verses.

Proceed we now to our specimens, beginning with the oldest.

I.—Concluding Strophe of an Elegy on Sultan Selim I; by his contemporary, 'Ashiq-Pasha-Zāda. (This monarch reigned less than nine years, and died A.D. 1520.)

عَزَمَدَه نَوْجَوَان وَ حَزَمَدَه پِير	صَاحِب السَّيْفِ وَ صَائِب التَّدْبِيرِ
هَمْ صَفَّ آرَايْدِي هَمْ آصْفَرَاي	نَه وَزِيرِ اَيِسْتَرِ اَيْدِي وَ نَه مَشِيرِ
اَلِي شَمَشِيرِ اَيْدِي وَ دِلِي خَاجَرِ	نِدِزَه اَيْدِي قَوْلِي وَ پَرَمَغِي تِيرِ
آز زَمَانَدَه چَوَقِ اَيِسْ اَيْتَمَشِيدِي	سَايَه سِي اَوْلَمَشِ اَيْدِي عَالَمِكِيرِ
شَمْسِ عَصْرِ اَيْدِي عَصْرَدَه شَمْسِكِ	ظَلِّي اَوْزُون اَوْلورِ زَمَانِي قَصِيرِ
تَاج وَ تَخْتِيلَه فَخَرِ اَيْدِرِ بَغْلَرِ	فَخَرِ اَيْدِرْدِي اَنِكَلَه تَاج وَ سَرِيرِ
گُوکَلِي اَوْلِ سُوْرَدَه بُولُورْدِي سُرُورِ	كِه چَالَه چَاغَرِيدِي تِيغِ وَ نَفِيرِ
رَزْمِ اَيِسْنَدَه وَ بَزْمِ عَيِشْنَدَه	گُورْمَدِي پِيرِ چَرَحِ آكَأْ نَظِيرِ
چَيِقْسَه اَيَوَانِ بَزْمَه مِهَرِ مَنِيرِ	گِيرِسَه مَيْدَانِ رَزْمَه شِيرِ دَلِيرِ
اَوْلَاجِقْ دَارِ وَ گِيرِ اَوْلِ شِيرِي	آكْسُونِ وَ قَانَلَرِ آغْلَسُونِ شَمَشِيرِ
حَيِفْ سُلْطَانِ سَلِيْمَه حَيِفْ وَ دَرِيغِ	هَمْ قَلَمِ آغْلَسُونِ اَنِي هَمْ تِيغِ

In energy an ardent youth, in prudence an old man;
Of sword, the lord, in fight; successful each adopted plan.¹⁴

¹⁴ Lit. "Lord of the sword, hitting of plan"; i.e., a warrior and a statesman.

With armed hosts, a strategist : a Solon in debate ;
 No captain needed, but himself ; no Councillor of State.
 His hand a trenchant falchion was ; his tongue, a dagger's
 blade ;
 A lance's beam, his arm ; his finger dread as arrow's shade.
 In briefest space wide conquests made ; his word as law was
 met ;
 Sun of his age ;—but ev'ning's sun, long-shadow'd, soon to set.
 Of crown and throne most princes boast, and pomp of outward
 pow'r ;
 His diadem and seat rejoic'd to own him his short hour.
 His heart's core revel'd in that grand and solemn festival,
 Where trumpets sound the charge, and swords play out their
 carnival.
 In bus'ness of the battle-field, in pleasure of the feast,
 His like the spheres have ne'er beheld, from greatest down to
 least.
 When striding forth to banquet-hall, a radiant sun he shone ;
 When rushing to the scene of strife, his voice the lion's tone.
 As evermore the shouts of war : Seize ! Hold ! roll o'er the
 bourn,
 The sabre shall recall him ; still, with tears of blood him mourn.
 Alas for Sultan Selim ! Ha ! And yet again, Alas !
 Let poet's pen deplore his death ; and war's blade weep his
 loss !

This is no bad specimen of an elegy. Like some
 of our ancient heroes, Selim was " wise in council,
 valiant in the field " ; like champions of old, he was
 " potent in fight and feast." But the whole strophe
 is, furthermore, beyond its plain verbal meaning, a
 very model of those parallels of sense and assonance
 so much prized in the East. Every sentence is
 nicely balanced ; each word has its counterpart.
 The passage deserves careful study as an exquisite
 example of the best style of Turkish poetry. Its

date is seventy years before that of Spenser's "Faërie Queene."

II.—Elegy on a Lady; by Fāzil.

حَيْفَ أَوَّلِ مَسَّتِ حَيَاتَهُ قَيْدُكَ أَيَّ سَاقِي چَرخِ
 جَامِ كَامِهِ قَاتِمِدَنْ طَوْلْمَشِ أَجَلِ پِيْمَانِهْ سِي
 أَيَّ زَمِينِ خَوْشِ طَوْتُ نَوَازِشِ اَيْلِهْ أَيَّ رُوحِ الْاَمِينِ
 كَيْمِ بُو گُوهر پَارِهْ بَرِ شَاهِ جِهَانِكْ جَانَانِهْ سِي

Alas! Thou'st laid her low, malicious Death!—enjoyment's cup yet half unquaff'd ;

The hour-glass out, thou'st cut her off, disporting still in life's young spring !

O Earth! All-fondly cradle her. Thou, Trusted Seraph, welcome her with smiles !

For this fair pearl the soul's love was, of one who is a wide world's king.

For tender pathos, this is the gem of the selection. If poetic power were an antidote to fierce and hateful passions, nothing "unspeakable" or "anti-human" could have been looked for in the breast of the master who could pen such sweetness. In the original, Death is apostrophized as the "Cup-bearer of the Spheres," with a double allusion. Like Hebe of old, a cup-bearer is supposed to be young and beautiful, capricious, and cold-blooded ; often breaking the heart of one who might fall in love with him or her ; and also, as sometimes offering a lethal cup. Death, then, is Fortune and Fate in one. The "Trusted Seraph" is the archangel Gabriel, held to be trusted by God with all His

revelations to the prophets, and to hold the office of receiving and introducing saints to heaven. Hence, he is kindly to receive the deceased, and conduct her to her allotted place in paradise. But the address to the Earth—our “cold earth”—how beautifully is the grave turned into a tender, loving mother’s lap or bosom, where the lately romping, now sleeping child is to be kept nice and cozy, fondly, as befits also the much-prized, beloved bride of a great monarch.

III.—A Quotation ; by 'Izāri.

بِرَّيْكَ كَشْتِغِيرِ عَشَقِ نِگَارِ بِرَّيْكَ آتَشِ غَمِ اَغْيَارِ
بَلْمَزِمِ قَنْغِيسِيْلَه طُوتَشِهِيْمِ وَقِنَا رَبَّنَا عَذَابِ النَّارِ

Tormenting, threatening, here, stands my deep love for her :
There, jealous rivals spy my ev'ry breath ;
With which to grapple first, I know not well :
“ From battle, murder, and from sudden death,
Good Lord, deliver us ! ”

The original passage, which I have paraphrased from our Litany, is taken from the Qur'ān, ch. II, v. 197 : “ Save thou us from the torment of hell-fire, O our Lord ! ” May I hope that my quotation may appear sufficiently apt, though perhaps less incisive than the original. The Scylla and Charybdis of fire, from which the poet prays for deliverance, are the “ fire of love, on one side,” and the burning irritation caused “ on the other side,” by the “ jealous rivals ” who seek to supplant him. There is an ingenious play upon the original word here rendered by “ grapple.” In Turkish it has two meanings, *to catch fire* and *to struggle with another*. Both senses are apposite ;

but I have not found a word in English that will convey them both at once: "In which fire shall I burn?" or, "With which shall I grapple?"

IV.—A Simile criticised; by Husni.

لَبِ يَارَہَ عَقِیْقِی نَابَ دِیدِمْ مَعْتَرِضْ أَوْلَدِیْلِرْ بَتَوْنْ یَارَانْ
دِیدِیْلِرْ سَنَکْیَارَہْ یَمِنْ أَوْ بَوِایَسَہْ گِرْدْ حِشْمَہْ حِیَوَانْ

I liken'd the lips of my love to the ruddy cornelian stone.
My critical friends thus objected,—'twas relish'd, forsooth, by
not one:

"A dry fragment of flint is this latter, in Arabia Petraea so rife;
"The former's the ever fresh margin around the one Fountain
of Life."

An instance of the rhetorical figure by which praise is added to and heightened, when a different intention is foreshadowed. The "Fountain of Life, Water, Stream, River of Life," is an Oriental myth, made use of in Revelation xxii, ver. 1. We shall see it alluded to again in No. 9. This "Fountain" or "Water" is supposed to exist in a land of "Darkness," and to have been visited by Alexander the Great, or by his Eastern "double," known as the "Two-Horned One," ذُو الْقَرْنِیْنِ, in a journey to the extreme East, though he was diverted from drinking thereof, and so acquiring immortality as Elias had done. A lover may well be supposed to liken his sweetheart's lips to the margin around a life-giving fount, when the word of consent, his "Stream of Life," is hoped or wished for from her mouth.

V.—The Alternative ; by 'Akif Pasha.

بَرِّ مَرَادٍ أَوْلَمِ يَجْهَ بَنِّ يَرَهُ كَيْسُونَ عَالَمَ
نَجْمٍ وَ مِهْرٍ وَ مَهْيِ أَوْلَسُونَ أَثَرِ پَايِ عَدَمَ

Should disappointment track my fondest wish,
Then, let this mocking universal wheel
Into perdition's gulf chaotic reel ;
Its sun, its moon, its stars, in one fell swoop,
Losing all semblance of identity,
May crash away to sheer nonentity !

'Akif Pasha was Minister for Foreign Affairs about the year 1836, and sent to prison, for trial, an English merchant, resident in a suburb of Constantinople, who had accidentally, but very incautiously, wounded a Turkish child, by firing through the fence or hedge of his garden, while shooting birds there. The child was feeding a pet lamb in the lane, a public thoroughfare. The matter was taken up by the ambassador ; the Pasha was dismissed, and the merchant substantially indemnified. As to the child—perhaps.

This couplet is an instance of the great amount of meaning that can be condensed into a few Turkish words of intense power.

VI.—An Imprecation ; by Fazlî.

يَقِيلُ أَيَّ طَارِمٍ سِپِيرِ بَرِّينَ سَوِيُونَ أَيَّ شَمْعِ قَبْدِ زَرِّينَ
بُوزُولُ أَيَّ اِمْتِزَاجِ عُنْصَرِ چَارِ اُوزُولُ أَيَّ عَقْدِ عَقْدَهٗ پَرُوينَ
طَاغُلُ أَيَّ جَنْدِ بَدِشْمَارِ نَجْمِ طَوْتُلُ أَيَّ مَاهِ سَرَعَتِ اَيْلِهٖ هَمِينِ

أَغْلَهُ أَيَّ أَبْرِ قَيْلٍ يَاشِئُكَ بَارَانَ أَيُّكَلَهُ أَيَّ رَعْدٍ أَيْدُوبَ فَعَانَ وَأَنِينَ
 أَيَّ سَحَرٍ حَاجَ قَيْلٍ غَرِيبَانُكَ أَيَّ شَفَقٍ أَيْلَهُ بَغْرِ يَكِي خُونِينَ
 بَوْرُونَ أَيَّ شَبِّ لِبَاسٍ مَاتِمِكِي قَرَارُوبَ أَيْلَهُ خَاطِرِيكِي غَمِّغِينَ

Fall down, thou dome of highest heaven ;

Die out, O Sun, from th' azure vault ;

Break up, thou elemental leaven ;

Round of the seasons, be at fault !

Flee, countless host of glitt'ring stars ;

Eclipse thyself with speed, O moon ;

Weep, cloud ;—thy tears the raindrop showers ;

Roar, thunderclaps ;—growl, mutter, moan !

Break, dawn ;—O burst thy heartstrings downright ;

Drown, morn, thy bosom in blood's bloom ;

In weeds of mourning drape thyself, night,

And shroud thy face in deepest gloom ! ¹⁵

This piece is rendered line for line. It is arranged in stanzas, in the paraphrase, as being better suited for the extent of the composition. The scenery will be admitted to be grand and the antitheses most appropriate.

I have now completed my selections from the treatise on Rhetoric, and proceed to give some longer specimens from the poem by 'Izzet Molla. They are of a much higher grade of intellectual power, and are excellent examples of the deep religious mys-

¹⁵ Compare Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," iv, 1 :

"Raset, ihr Winde ! Flammt herab, ihr Blitze !
 Ihr Wolken, berstet ! Giesst herunter, Ströme
 Des Himmels, und ersäuft das Land ! Zerstört
 Im Keim die ungeborenen Geschlechter !
 Ihr wilden Elemente, werdet Herr !"

ticism that pervades so much of the poetry of Persia and Turkey.

VII.—The Mirror ; by 'Izzet Molla.

صَوْرُ بَرِّ ظَلِّ زَائِلٌ أَوْلَدِغَيْنِ تَقْرِيرِ اَیْدِرِ مِرَاتِ
 لِسَانِ حَالِهْ أَوَّلُ مَبَحْثِی تَنْوِیرِ اَیْدِرِ مِرَاتِ
 تَكْدَرُ اَیْتَمَرِ اَصْحَابِ صَفَا عَكْسِ ظَاهِدَنِ
 مَرَادِ اَهْلِ حَالِی دَائِمَا تَحْرِیرِ اَیْدِرِ مِرَاتِ
 اَحْوَبِ اَجَاثِ شَیْخِ گُلْشَنِی وَشِ سِرِّ وَحْدَتَدَنِ
 مَالِ کُلِّ شَیْءٍ هَالِکِی تَفْسِیرِ اَیْدِرِ مِرَاتِ
 قَرِینِ پَاکِ اَیْدِرْمِی خَلَقَتْ اَصْلِیَّ سِنِی تَغْیِیرِ
 بُو سِرِّ مَبْهَمِی اَرَبَانِهْ تَعْبِیرِ اَیْدِرِ مِرَاتِ
 حَمَاقَتِ دِرِ سِیْپَرِهْ حَسَنِ وَ قَبْجِ خَلْقِی عَزَّوْ اَتِیْمَکِ
 جَمَالِ خُوبِ وَ زِشْتِی صَانِمَهْ کِیْمِ تَغْیِیرِ اَیْدِرِ مِرَاتِ
 اَثَرِ قَالَمَزِ جِهَانْدَهْ مِیْمَانِکِ خُوبِ وَ زِشْتَنْدَنِ
 مَسَافِرْ خَانَهْ دَهْرِی نَهْ خُوشِ تَصْوِیرِ اَیْدِرِ مِرَاتِ
 بَاقُوبِ دِیَوَانِ حَسَنَهْ مَطْلَعِ اَبْرُوِی جَانَانِ
 مِثَالِ طَبْعِ عِزَّتِ دَرْعَقَبِ تَنْظِیرِ اَیْدِرِ مِرَاتِ

My mirror shows that matter's forms are but a passing shade ;
 With its mute tongue it inculcates the truth that all must fade.
 So purely bright, it takes no stain from glint of outward
 things ;

My mirror thus may adumbrate the souls of virtue's kings.

As sage of old, my mirror's sheen, proceeding from one Source,
Expounds to me the mystic theme: All nature runs its
course !

A candid friend, it ever proves its ore's integrity ;
The mirror pictures to my mind nought else but verity.
For man's inconstant moods and states, to praise or blame the
spheres,

Is folly ;—not the mirror, 'tis the face one loves, reveres.
No trace remains for long from good or evil work of man ;
The mirror's still an emblem true for his life of a span.
Like poet's heart, confronted with a thing of beauty, bright,
His mirror instantly evolves a counterpart, of light.

Can anything be conceived more philosophically poetical than the images offered in this beautiful ode ? The Turkish words used are as choice and sublime as the theme and sentiments demand. My paraphrase is lameness itself in comparison, as even the best versions of good poetry ever must be. "Virtue's kings" is my forced rendering for the author's "men of ecstasy;" by which is meant *true dervishes, spiritual dervishes*,—men who, through striving after God alone, with all their soul and all their strength, are utterly impressionless to outward visitations of weal or woe. The term "ore," in the seventh line, refers to the olden fact of metallic mirrors ; though, of course, a silvered glass mirror has equally its "ore," from which it is made. The "integrity" is its freedom from impurity, flaw, or defect of any kind. The "spheres" are superstitiously held by many to exercise "influences" on mundane and human affairs. The world, the material world, is here the "mirror" in which things and events witnessed, are but the perceptible reflexions of a face, which is the divine power of God,

--is God himself, the "Causer of Causes" (مَسَبِّبُ الْأَسْبَابِ), the Ultimate Cause of all. The poet no sooner perceives a thing that excites his admiration, than he celebrates it in song.

If the men,—and women, too, now-a-days,—who "speak Turkish fluently," who have been "long resident in the country," or "born in the country," and from whom our casual travellers, even though "learned and talented," necessarily derive their imperfect or utterly erroneous information, could read a word of any Turkish writing, or could comprehend the phrases of such Turkish compositions as this beautiful poem, when read to them by another, their communications to travellers would wear another aspect; and both the tales of travellers, and letters of correspondents, would have a better chance of coinciding with facts and truth, than now comes within the sphere of their consciousness. Alas! written Turkish, the language of Turkish men of education, is to almost all Europeans, as it is to nearly the whole of the native Christian population, an unstudied, unknown tongue; not even excepting our official interpreters, as a general rule.

VIII.—The Brook and the Tree; by 'Izzet Molla.

بَنَ اَغْلَدِقَبَه چَاغْلَدِي گَلَشَنده جَوِيْبَار
 اَوْلَدَمْ هَوَايِ عَشَقَه اَوِيُوْبْ بَنَدَه جَوِيْبَار
 چَشْمِمْ گَلُوْر اَوَّلْ نَخْلِ رَوَانْ اَيْلَه يَادَه
 گُوْرَسَمْ بِيْهَارْ مَوْسِمِيْ هَر قَنْدَه جَوِيْبَار

اَوَلَمَشْ رَوَان دَشْتِ جَنَوْنَه بَنِم گِی
 بِر سَرَوَه گَنَدِیْن ایلِیُوب افگَنده جَوِیْبَار
 نَظَارَه ایلَه سِیْنَه سَوَزَانْمَدَه اَخْگَر
 سِیْر ایتْمَدِکْسَه آتَشِ کَلْجَنده جَوِیْبَار
 بِن بِرْگَلِ اِیْچُون آغْلَرِمْ اَوَّلِ گِلَسْتَانِ اِیْچُون
 اَوَلْمَزْمِی گُورَسَه اَشْکِمِی شَرْمَنده جَوِیْبَار
 قَطْعِ حَدُودَه اَوَلْدِی سِپَاهِی کِی رَوَان
 تِیْمَار دَشْتِنِی گُورْدِی پَرَاکَنده جَوِیْبَار
 مَجْنُونِ اَشْکِمِ ایلَه بُوْشَانْمَشْدِی بَاغْدَن
 آخِرِ چَکَلْدِی شَهْرَه گِیْرُوبِ بِن دِه جَوِیْبَار
 دُوشْدِی رَه عِنَایْتِنَه اَز سِرِ نِیَاز
 سَلْطَانِ نُوْبَهَارَه اَوَلُوبِ بَنده جَوِیْبَار
 عَزَّتِ مَدَادِ خَامَه مَنکِ اَوَلْمَازْدِی پِیْرُوی
 گَرِ پِیْرِ اَوِیْنِی اَوَلْمَسَه جَوِیْنده جَوِیْبَار

Apace my tears flow'd as I scann'd the scene.
 So gush'd a babbling brook in meadow green ;
 Whose waters purl'd and murmur'd as they mov'd,
 In circles round about a tree it lov'd.

From thence till now, each spring, in season, yields
 Sweet recollection of yon brook, tree, fields.
 A wand'rer then I was, distraught with woes ;
 That streamlet seem'd to writhe in mazy throes.

Like trickling sap from wood in oven cast,
 My tears the outpour of a flaming breast.

Hast never witness'd such ? A hearth survey.
Its ashes symbolize my heart's decay.

A rosebud maid, indiff'rent to my pain,
Drew forth my tears. The log, for native plain
Weeps, burning ;—an exile, from forest torn.
Both shame the brook ;—we laugh its stream to scorn.

Or else, perchance, that river rose, a host,
To shield the frontiers of a land, else lost,
Bursting all barriers, like my tearful tides,
Afield ; its flood time past, like them subsides ;—

A headstrong bully in spring's overflow ;
A humble mendicant in summer's glow.—
Know, poet ! as that brook thus seeks its Source,
It does but mimic thy pen's streaming course.

The poetical idea of a brook loving and courting
a tree, a cypress, growing on its bank, recalls Moore's
pretty verse :

“ If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground.”

This, and a construing the meanderings of the
stream into the agony of an impatient or jealous
lover ; the poetical exaggeration in comparing tears
and the sap-drops of burning firewood to a river ;
and the climax of darkly alluding to the origin of
the brook, through the rain-cloud, in the distant
ocean, to which it hastes to return, with a comparison
of this to the action of the poet's pen, which, in all
its copious effusions, seeks but to render tribute to
the great hidden Source of all entity, form the very
striking motives of this beautiful poem. In the

passage rendered : "Bursting all barriers," there is, in the original, a clever play on the word *bāg*, which in Turkish, means a *bond, band, tie, tether, chain, fetter*, but in Persian a *garden, park, woodland*. The river bursts from the wooded hills, the poet's tears, like a chained madman in confinement, burst their bonds, and both escape on their wilful course.

IX.—Eulogy of the Pen ; by 'Izzet Molla.

قَلَمَ كَافَ وَ نَوْنَهٗ اُولُوْبَ وَاِسْطَهٗ ظَهْوَرِ اَيْتَدِي اَشْيَادَهٗ هَمَّ رَابْطَهٗ
تَهِي اَيْتَنْدَهٗ اَيْدِرْمِي قِسْم طَرَاَزَنْدَهٗ خَامَهٗ وَ الْقَلَمَ
قَلَمَ اُولَمْسَهٗ نَقْطَهٗ بَخْشَايِ نَوْن بِيْلَمْزْدِي سِرِّ وَ مَا يَسْطَرُون
اَوْظَلَمْتَدَهٗ پَنْهَانِ دِرْ آبِ حَيَات مَدَاذَنْدَهٗ جَوْشَانِ دِرْ آبِ حَيَات
دِگَلِ دِرْ اَوْ آبِ بَقَا لَذَّتِي اُولُوْر اُولَمَز اِسْكَندَرِكِ قِسْمَتِي
جَمَالِي اِگَرِچَهٗ سِيَهْگُونِ دِرْ كَمَالِي كَوْنَشِ كِبِي رُوْزَانْزُونِ دِرْ
جَهَانْگَرْدِ گِيْتِيَسْتَانِ دِرْ قَلَم گَزَرِ دِهْرِي بَزِ دَاَسْتَانِ دِرْ قَلَم
اُولُوْر زِيْبِ بَزِمِ شَهَانِ جِهَان بِيْلُوْر هَرِ لِسَانِ اِسْتَمَز تَرْجَمَان
گَزَرِ مَلِكِ غَيْرِي اَوْ مَحْسُوْدِ جَم وَ لِي پَايْتَخْتِي دِيَارِ عَجَم
اَوْ دِرْ حَاكِمِ حَاسِمِ هَرِ دِيَار مَوَالِي اَنَكَلَهٗ اَيْدِرِ افْتِخَار
اَوْ دِرْ مَعْنَوِي بَرِ وَلِي النِّعَم دُو شَقِّ زَبَانَنْدَهٗ لَا وَ نَعَم
دِهَانِ گِشَادِ اَيْلَمَز نَاكَسَهٗ مَكْرِ كَيْمِ بَرِ اَهْلِ مَعَارِفِ كَسَهٗ
اِگَرِ اَزِ قَصَا اَلْسَهٗ نَادَانِ اَلَهٗ وِيْرِ رَعْشَهٗ سِي صَفْحَهٗ يَهٗ زَلْزَلَهٗ
رَهٗ مَعْرِفْتَدَهٗ وِيْرِ گَرِچَهٗ بَاش اَيْدِرْدَسْتِ جَاهِلْدَنِ اَنْجَقِ تَلَاش

مَزَاجِنْدَه وَارِ دِرِ تَلُونِ بِرِ آزِ ایدِرِ بَحْتِی گَه قَصْرُ وَ گَاهِی دِرَازِ
 گَجُوبِ ظَلَمَتِ وَصَفِ گِیسویدَنِ اُولورِ گَاهِ رَجِیدَه بِرِ مَویدَنِ
 گَمَالَاتِنَه هِیچِ آچِلَمَزِ دَهَنِ باقِرِ آغْزِیْنَه اَنَكْ اَهْلِ سَخَنِ
 بَتُونِ فَاصلَانَه مَعَاصِرِ دِرِ اَوَّلِ جَمِیعِ مَبَاحِثَه حَاضِرِ دِرِ اَوَّلِ
 زَبَانِ نَارِسا وَصَفِ تَالِیفِنَه عَقُولِ اِیرَمَزِ اَعْدَادِ تَصْنِیفِنَه
 بُو رَتَبَه کَمَالَاتِی مَشْهُورِ اِیکِنِ جِهَانِ آبِ لَطْفِیلَه مَعْمُورِ اِیکِنِ
 قُورِرِ چَشْمَه سَارِ مَدَادِ سِیَاهِ اُولورِ قَطْرَه آبه مَحْتَاجِ گَادِ
 قَالُورِ تا ایدِنَجَه بِرِ آزِ نُوْشِ آبِ مَدَادِ اِیچِرَه پَادِرْگِلِ پِیچْتَابِ
 اَوِ بِیچَارَه اَنَجَقِ چَکَرِ زَحْمَتِی اَلُورِ صَفْحَه آغْزِنْدَه کِی نَعْمَتِی
 دِهَانِنْدَه قَالُورِسَه بِرِ پَارَه آبِ لَبِ کَاتِبِ اَنْدَنِ اُولورِ حِصَه یَابِ
 بِرِ آزِیْنِ دَخِی نُوْشِ ایدِرِ دِسْتِمَالِ بُو دِرِ اَشْتَه رُوْزِی اَهْلِ کَمَالِ
 فَلَلَه دَرَه چَه خُوْشِ گُفْتَه اَسْتِ کِه سَعْدِی دِرِ اِیْنِ مَعْنِی سَفْتَه اَسْتِ
 بَشْهَرِ اِیْنِ مِثْلِ شَبْرَه عَالَمَسْتِ کِه هَر کَسِ هَنْزِ بِیْشِ رُوْزِی کَمَسْتِ

By seraph "Pen" at Nature's birth,
 On "Tablet" of God's providence
 All ineffaceably inscribed,
 The fiat of Omnipotence
 Was: "Be!" Hence rose this wond'rous chain.

God, in His sacred scripture, swears,—
 Nor vainly swears,—thus: "By the Pen!"
 That Pen the centre was, we see,
 Of being. Otherwise our ken
 Had not existed. All were vain.

God then proceeds to swear once more :
 "By what they write!" The reed pens now

Are made the "Darkness," whence comes forth
The "Stream of Life," whose waters flow
From inkhorn fount, drawn by man's brain.

The fluid of that sacred source,
Transform'd by genius into fire
Of spirit-stirring words, the fruits
Of lofty thoughts, man's noblest hire,
Wells up and overflows amain.

Not ev'ry Alexander may
Achieve a taste of that blest spring ;
Th' elect alone, the favour'd few,
Its waters to their lips may bring,
To send it forth a living train.

Though swart its hue, the dark reed pen
Diffuses light,—a glorious sun ;
No climes but what its fruits enjoy,
No land but where its workings run,
Maturing still sweet wisdom's grain.

No time but where the pen records
Th' events or tales that mark its course,
The sov'reign's triumphs, battles, feasts.
It speaks all tongues with equal force ;
No "Truchman's" aid need it retain.

It travels far, is prized by all,—
This son of Persia's torrid shore,
The judge it is whose firm decrees
Respected stand for evermore ;—
Its mandates legists must maintain.

The pen's a patron, in the sense
That from it flows or "Yea" or "Nay."
Dumb it remains with worthless wights :
Grows eloquent, wit's flashes play,
When talent prompts the fervid strain.

With awkward scribblers, one and all,
It splutters, blurts, befouls the page ;
Like well-train'd courser, on it speeds,
When guided by a master sage,
Who knows to check or slack the rein.

Capricious, true, its moods are found,—
Now garrulous, now taciturn ;—
At times dilates on tresses dark,
As wishing ev'ry curl to learn ;
At times one hair will give it pain.

None dare dispute the pen's great pow'r ;
The author notes, obeys its rules.
Contemporary with each age,
It settles all disputes of schools ;
None, of its judgments, e'er complain.

Tongue cannot tell its magic force ;
Its powers no mind can well conceive.
The pen's throughout the world renown'd ;
All men, with thanks, its gifts receive ;
And all its debtors must remain.

Its stream sometimes will fail at need ;
The pen will flag through lack of food ;
Nor can its strength recruited be,
Save by renewal of ink's flood.
Then it resumes its work again.

Taking no thought about itself,
The parent stork to callow brood
Its blood gives up. Just so the pen
To paper yields its store of food,
A tribe of offspring to sustain.

Nay, more ;—if but a trace be left
Of moisture, this the scribe will sue ;
His greedy lip claims as a fee,
What justly is the wiper's due.
So, authors, fares your scanty gain.

God bless the poet who has said,
 To paint this subject with due care :
 "The public voice a proverb has :
 "The more man shows of talent rare,
 "Less daily bread may he obtain."

The composition of this poem appears to have been called for by the author's admiration of a panegyric he had just before indited in praise of Sultan Mahmūd, through which he had hoped to obtain his recall from banishment, but in which hope he was as yet for some months doomed to disappointment. The "Eulogy of the Pen" exhibits a great exuberance of imagination ; but its subject was only half worked out, as our next specimen, the "Answer of the Pen," will show.

The religious myth, with allusion to which the poem commences, of the "Pen," the "Tablet," and the "Fiat," is based, partly on the text, eight times repeated in the Qur'ān (ch. ii, v. 3 ; iii, 42, 52 ; vi, 72 ; xvi, 42 ; xix, 36 ; xxxvi, 82 ; and xl, 70), of ; "Be ; and it is"—a parallel to the biblical text : He spake ; and it was *done*" (Ps. xxxiii, 9) ; where "done" is printed in italics, as not being in the original Hebrew ; partly on the first verse of the sixty-eighth chapter of that volume : "By the Pen ! And, by what they write !" and partly, again, on sundry other texts dispersed over the book. The myth is as follows : God, in all eternity, contemplated the perfection of a saint, entertained a divine love for the conception, resolved upon realizing it, and issued His fiat : "Be." Hereupon, the potential essence of the prophet, Muhammad, the "Beloved of God" (حَبِيبُ اللَّهِ)

before all worlds, the seraphic "Pen," and the "Hidden Tablet," starting into an eternal existence, the Pen inscribed the fiat on the Tablet, and thus became the means of all created existences,—“this wond'rous chain” of spiritual and material beings,—that were called from non-entity in order to the production and glorification of that saintly conception. By that Pen does God swear in the passage mentioned. The actors indicated in the second clause of the oath: “By what they write!” is *bī* some explained as the transcribers of the Qur’ān, by others as the “Recording Angels,” who note down men’s thoughts, words, and deeds, for use at the final judgment.

Of the “Stream of Life” and the “Darkness” I have spoken before, in No. 4. But here, in connection with the “pen,” ink is made a “stream of life,” the inkhorn its “fount,” the pen its channel, and writings its branches, carrying intellectual life everywhere. The mention of Alexander is also explained in No. 4.

“Truchman” was, in bygone days, the accepted form of the title now written *drogman* or *dragoman*. All three are corruptions of the word *terjumān*, ترجمان, which the Egyptians pronounce with hard *g*: *targumān*, and which signifies an *interpreter*. This word *terjumān* is Arabic, but derived from the Syriac or Hebrew. It is used in all Muslim languages. The *drogmans* in Turkey and elsewhere, other than those of some of the embassies, are usually a very ignorant race, who jabber a kind of broken lingo that is taken for fluent speaking by the uninitiated. Of the first rudiments of reading

and writing the various Muslim tongues they are entirely innocent, even when born in the country.

The reed pens used all over the world of Islām for writing, are brought from Persia and carried everywhere by itinerant merchants of that country. The "hair" in a pen's nib is a well-known source of annoyance to writers. It makes a pen "sick."

The ink used in the East is very different from what we are acquainted with. It is more of the nature of "Indian ink," and is a compound of lamp-black, gum, and water. The inkstand is provided with a certain quantity of the rougher fibres of silk found on the exterior of cocoons. This absorbs the ink, prevents its too rapid evaporation, and makes it somewhat portable in special inkstands. The silk further forms a soft cushion, on which the transversely truncated nib of the reed pen impinges in dipping for ink, and is so shielded from becoming bruised against the silver, brass, china, or earthenware bottom of the inkstand. The ink will, however, from time to time, become too thick. It then requires the addition of a few drops of water to restore its requisite degree of fluidity. The very common trick of "sucking" a pen is cleverly turned to account; as also the mere vehicular function of the pen itself. With the sly poke at patrons and publishers, not to forget their satellites, many an author will be found to sympathize all over the world.

X.—The Pen's answer to the Poet.

مِزْرَتٌ دَائِمًا لَطْفَكِزْ وَأَرْ أَوْلسُونْ هَنْدِشْمَنَانِ زَمَانِ خَوَارِ أَوْلسُونْ

نَه حَاصِلْ بِيْزِمْ گِيْ بِرْ چُوْپِدَنْ نَدِرْ فَرْقِيْزْ چُوْبْ وَ جَارُوْبِدَنْ
 اَگَرِ اِيْتِمَسَه تَرْبِيَّتْ قَابِلَانْ نَه قَايِلْدِيْ اَوْلَمَقْ گَشَادَه زَبَانْ
 نِيْسْتَانْدَه قَالْسَقْدِيْ زَارْ وَ زِيُون اَوْلورْمِيْدِيْ دِلْ وَاقِفْ هَرْفَنُوْن
 نِيْمْ بِنْ كِه حَاشَا اَوْلَه قَدَرْتَمْ بَنَانْ اَفَاضِلْدَه دِرْ قَوْتَمْ
 بِنَمْ شَهْرْتَمْ اَنَلَرْتْ لَطْفِيْ دِرْ جِيْهَانْگِيْرْ اَوْ حَقَاَنْلَرْتْ نَطْقِيْ دِرْ
 بِنِيْ نُوْعِيْزْدَنْ نِيْجَه دَرْدَمَنْدْ زَنَانْكْ اَوْلورْ تَارْ جَوْرِنْدَه بَنْدْ
 سَبَبْ اَيِلْدِيْ حَقْ تَعَالٰی سِيْزِيْ خَلَاَصْ اِيْتِيْدِيْگِزْ اَوْلْ جَفَادَنْ بِيْزِيْ
 مَدَادْ فَحْوَلَه اَيِدُوْبْ سَرْفَرُوْ اَوْ آْبْ كَرَامَتْلَه اِيْتِيْدْكْ وَضُوْ
 اَوْلُوْبْ جِيْهَه مِزْ لَایِقِيْ سَاجْدَه گَاهْ پَرَسْتَشِدَه قِيْلْدِيْ مُوْفَقْ اِلَاهْ
 وَضُوِيَه فَحْوَلْ اَوْلَمَسَه اَبْتَدَاْ نَه مَمْكَنْدِيْ مَسْ كَلَامْ خَدَاْ
 هَنْرِپُورَانَه اَيِدُوْبْ اِنْتِسَابْ دَخِيْ اَوْلَمِدُقْ هِيْزِمْ هَرْ كَبَابْ
 اَوْلُوْبْ جِسْمِيْمِزْ مُسْتَعِدْ لَهَبْ يِقَارْدِيْ بِيْزِيْ جَاهِلَانْ بِيْ تَعَبْ
 نِيْسْتَانْدَه وَارْمِيْدِيْ آْبْ حَيَاتْ نِيْچُوْن بَوْلَمِدُقْ تَشْنَه لَكْدَنْ نَجَاتْ
 دَخِيْ طُغْلْ نُوْسَالَه اِيْگَنْ هَنْوَزْ يِقَارْدِيْ دِلْ وَ جَانِيْ تَابْ تَمْوَزْ
 چَايِرْ چَايِرْ اِيْتِمِشْ اِيْدِيْكْ التَّهَابْ گُلُوْبْ وِيْرْمِدِيْ كِيْمَسَه بِرْقَطْرَه آْبْ
 فَحْوَلَه نُوْلَه اِيْلَسَكْ سَرْ فِدَاْ بِيْزَه اَوْلْدِيْلَرْ خِيْصِرْ آْبْ بَقَاْ
 اَگَرِ اِيْتِمَسَكْ اِنْتِسَابْ كِبَارْ بِنْدِيْ بِيْزَه كُوْدَكْ نِيْسَوَارْ
 اَوْلورْ بَعْضِيْمِزْ مُوْلُوِيْ يَه نَفِيْرْ مُوَالِيْ يَه بَنْدَنْ صَغِيْرْ وَ كَبِيْرْ
 بِيْزَه اَهْلْ دِلْ مَحْرَمْ رَاَزْ دِرْ گُوْرْنَلَرْ صَانُوْرَلَرْ كِه بِرْ سَاَزْ دِرْ
 بِيْزِيْ تَرْبِيَّتْ قِيْلْدِيْ اَهْلْ كَمَالْ اَيِدُوْبْ مَحْرَمْ مَجْلِسِ حَالْ وَقَالَ

خدا آنلری بردوام ایلیه یزی جاهلانہ حرام ایلیه
 کرم ایلویوب دمبدم اهل حال یزملہ ایدرلر خفی قیل و قال
 قالوردق اگر اولمسه عالمان بو مرغان بی نان و بی آشیان
 دواتی ایدرلر ملان و ماب بولور آندہ اطفالمز خورد و خواب
 نیز یز اولہ یزدہ لا و نعم ینہ عالمان در ولی النعم

Your praises, poet, touch my heart :
 They're proofs of kindest favour felt ;
 Could envious railers silenced be,
 By disappointment on them dealt,
 'Twould be a happy end attain'd.

What virtue is there in me found,—
 A stick, a straw, of no account ?
 With humble broom I might be rank'd ;
 But men of talent made me mount,
 And gave a worth, not else retain'd.

I never should have found my tongue,
 Had I been left in native pool ;
 Could I have learnt each word, each term,
 That noble science makes her tool,
 Had I a rustic still remain'd ?

What thing am I to have a pow'r ?
 My strength is in the guiding hand
 Of genius. Ye, men, lend us fame.
 The only true lords of the land
 Are they who have the right maintain'd.

How many of my fellow reeds
 Are to the weaver's web confin'd !
 Whilst thou, my poet, teaching me,—
 By God to thy fair charge consign'd,—
 Far nobler duties hast explain'd.

Thou'st set me free from abject use ;
Thus bow I down on wisdom's floor,
Bathing my head in hallow'd rill,
That sanctifies me to adore
The Pow'r before whom all must bend.

Prostrate, with forehead in the dust,—
As on pray'r-mat, on paper prone,—
My soul pours forth in words of fire ;—
I beg for humble needs alone,
Or glory give where justly claim'd.

Did not the scribe me first baptize
In font of learning, had I zest
To oft repeat the " Word of God ,
Or formulate the soul's behest
In prayers, from Saints of old retain'd ?

By yielding service to the wise,
I've 'scap'd the doom of roasting-spit,
Or fuel for consuming fire,
That men with me had gladly lit,
My flaming soul hadst thou not train'd.

The fen's dank soil prov'd not a charm
To save me from my parch'd estate ;
Still young and green, in jungle bed,
Scorch'd, burnt each summer,—such my fate,—
My thirst no water-drop restrain'd.

What wonder, then, that now I serve,
With willing steadfastness, the hand
Of ev'ry son of genius, kind,
Who ministers to my demand
Deep nectar-draughts, in ink contain'd ?

Had they not seen my latent gifts,
And put me to a higher use,
I'd been, perchance, a walkingstick,
Child's hobby-horse, some fool's abuse,
Or urg'd some slave, to toil constrain'd.

My fellows, here and there, are flutes,
In dervish hands, at sacred dance ;
Whose hopes or fears, loves, joys or cares,
Are whisper'd, in ecstatic trance,
To loyal breasts that ne'er have feign'd.

The vulgar see in us but reeds ;
Those mystics make us confidants ;
Pouring their secrets in our ears,
Confiding all their inmost wants ;—
A double solace thus is gain'd.

Through them we join in holy choir,
We're sanctified in their bless'd throng.
Those warbling notes thus raise our kind ;—
Cherish'd we are like birds of song,
Who, else, as outcasts were disdain'd.

Though but mere waifs, our little ones
Are fondly tended, put to bed,
A home provided by their friends,
At fitting season duly fed,
Cleans'd, trimm'd and fashion'd ; so ordain'd.

Their house, cup, cradle, all in one,
The inkhorn is,— our source of fame.
Poor weeds we are, all valueless ;
Pow'r we have none, except in name ;
Through man we rule, by him sustain'd.

To “envious railers” among his rivals did the poet attribute his exile, more than to any political enemies. By the exertions of literary friends was he ultimately recalled.

A characteristic instance of the ingenuity with which homonyms can be used in Turkish, occurs at the beginning of the fifth couplet of the original of this poem, and is repeated at the beginning of the

last couplet in a modified form. The figure of *homonymy*—the *pun*,—of which Addison said: “it can be no more engraven than it can be translated,” may consist, in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, of one or more words, taken again as one or more words, similarly or differently subdivided, but having a different meaning. It is of various degrees, from perfect identity of spelling, pronunciation, and subdivision, to mere etymological suggestion, and affords a rich field for the secondary embellishment of primarily beautiful poetry. For, though it is looked upon, in the East also, as “*a low kind of wit*” in itself, it is deservedly considered a legitimate adornment of such language as is essentially all ornamentation. Turkish is richer in this faculty than Arabic or Persian; if not, as Mīr ‘Alishīr asserted, in its own native vocabulary, it is so in its literary fullness; since it may employ a word in its Arabic, Persian, and Turkish meaning, provided that the sentence in which it is found suits those various senses. Turkish grammar, even, applied to words of either of those languages, may convert them into homonyms with a new signification. The old and vulgar Latin-English pun of “*Quid rides*” may help to explain. The original Turkish in the fifth couplet, rendered in the opening line of my fourth stanza by “What thing am I?” is *ne-yim*; where *nè* means “*what*,” *im* means “*I am*,” and, by reason of the interrogative, “*am I*”; while the *y* is intercalated grammatically, exactly as the *t* in the French *a-t-il*, and for the same reason,—to separate two vowels that would otherwise, by phrasal construction, be brought accidentally together. But, on the other

hand, the Persian word *ney*, much used in Turkish, means *a reed*, and also *a flute*; the letter *y* being already an integral part of its orthography, and of itself a consonant. On adding to this the Turkish verb *im*, as before, we have *ney-im* instead of *neyim*; the meaning now being *I am a reed*. Either of the two senses—*What am I*, and *I am a reed*, is applicable to the remainder of the phrase. Had I adopted the second, the line would have had to be rendered: “*I am a reed, and God forbend that I should be so presumptuous as to claim a possession of power.*”

“Weavers” use “reeds” as bobbins in their shuttles. The poet here made his weavers women, or perhaps he intended rather the *spinsters* than the *weavers*; for neither word is explicitly given; on the contrary, he greatly heightens the beauty of the line by making those bobbin-reeds “*captives in the threads of the tyranny of women*,”—hapless lovers, hopeless slaves, victims of unrequited love.

As the Muslim must perform an “ablution” before divine service (which with him is not “*prayer*,” but “*praise*”), and before touching or reciting the “Word of God,” *i.e.*, the Qur’ān, so also must the “pen” be metaphorically “baptized” in ink, ere it can perform its office, which is often that of “repeating” the “Word,” by transcribing it. With Muslims, manuscript is greatly preferred to printing for all books of a religious nature; though even the Qur’ān itself is now printed and used by them.

“Flutes, in dervish hands” is an allusion to the religious ceremonies of the “dancing dervishes,” so well-known to travellers who have paid a visit to

their establishment near the European suburb of Constantinople. Their "waltz" is performed to the accompaniment of reed "flutes," to which they are devotedly and sentimentally attached. They are of the "order" founded at Qonya by the great mystical poet Jelālu-'d-Dīn, already mentioned.

XI.—The Mufti of Ergena¹⁶; by 'Izzet Molla.

(A specimen of light banter.)

اَيْشَتَمِشْ اَيْدِمْ مَقِّي ارْگنه قَوْجَه لَقْدَه بَكْرَر اِيْمِشْ ارْگنه
نَصِيْبْ اَوْلَمَامِشْ اَلْتَحَا سَنَتِي جَوَانِلَقْدَه قَالْمَقْ اِيْمِشْ نِيَّتِي
بُولُوكْ بَاشِيْلَرْگِي بَاشِنْدَه شَالْ اَيْدِرْمِشْ اَنَكْ اَيْلَه سَتَرِ كَمَالْ
صَقَالْسِزْلَغْنِ فِكْر اَيْدُوبْ مَوْجُو جَمَالْنِ گُوْكُلْ اَيْلَدِي اَرْزُو
اَيْدُوبْ بُو رِبَاعِيْمِي نَامَه زِيْبْ اَرَارْدِمْ مَنَاسِبْ بَر بَرِيْد اَدِيْبْ

رِبَاعِي

اَي مَقِّي بِيْرِيْشْ كَرَامَت اَنْدِيْشْ
بُو عَزَّتْ دَارِيْشْدَنْ اَوْلْ كِيْمْ آگَاهْ
دِيْدَارْگِي اَوْزَلَرْ سِنِي گُوَزَلَرْ دَائِمْ
اَوْلْدِي شُو كَشَانَه گَلَه لِي بَر قَاجْ مَاهْ

صَادَفْ اَيْدُوبْ عَزْمَه طَلَعَتْكْ بَرِيْدِي اَوْلُوبْ نَامَه الْفَتَكْ

¹⁶ Ergena (Erkeneh on the maps) is the town, about twenty miles south of Adrianople, on the large Thracian stream that joins the Marizza from the east, and is there crossed by a very long bridge, Jisri-Ergena (Bridge of Ergena) otherwise Uzun-Kyupri (Long Bridge).

عَجَبٌ مِّنْهُ الْعَذْبُ أَلُوبٌ خَامَهُ مَزْ اِبْرِشْدِي اَوْزُونْ كُوبِرِي يَهْ نَامَهُ مَزْ
 وَارُوبْ نَامَهُ مَزْ شَهْرُ شَعْبَانَدَهْ قَدُومْ اَيْلِدِي مَاهِ غُفْرَانَدَهْ
 نَهْ گُورْدَمْ اَوْ اَعْجُوبَهْ رُوزْگَارْ صَالُوبْ شَالِنِي بَاشَنَهْ تَارْ و مَارْ
 اُوتُورْدِي گُلُوبْ نَوْجَوَانْلَرْ گِبِي بِيَقْلَرْ قَاشْلَرْ كَمَانْلَرْ گِبِي
 مِيَانَدَهْ سَيْفِ عَدُوِّ التَّغَامْ وِبرِ رِسْتَمْ دَاسْتَانْدَنْ پِيَامْ
 اَوْ سِيَمِيْنْ طَاقَمْ اَرْنُودْ پِشْتَوِي يَرِنَدَهْ هَلَاكْ اِيْتَمَكَدَهْ مَسْقُوِي
 كَلَامِي اِيْدِي شَاهِدْ بِيَهْرَهْسِي اَنِي گَرْجَهْ تَكْذِيْبْ اِيْدَرْ چِهْرَهْسِي
 خَبَرْدَارْ هَرْ فَنِّ اِيْدِي طُوغْرِيسِي دِگَلْ صُورْتْ و سِيْرَتِكْ اَوْغْرِيسِي
 رَفَاعِيْلَرْ مَرْشِدِي شَيْخْ كَامِلْ طَرِيْقَتَدَهْ هَادِي خَيْرْ سَبَلْ
 فِقَاهَتْ اَيْلَهْ اَيْلَمِشْ اِمْتِرَاجْ و لِي صُورْتَا لَآبَالِي مَزَاجْ
 اُولُوبْ اِيكِي اُوچْ گِيَجَهْ جَكْ مِيَهْمَانْ اَوْزُونْ كُوبِرِي يَهْ اُولْدِي اَخِرْ رَوَانْ
 گُورْلَمِشْ دِگَلْ اَوِيْلَهْ ذَاتْ و صِفَاتْ حَقِيْقَتَدَهْ اَضْحُوكَهْ كَانِنَاتْ
 گُورَمْزْ اَنَكْ بَرْ مِثْلِنْ فَلَكَ نَهْ مَمَكْنْ گُورُوبْ شَكْلَنِي گُولَمَامَكْ
 اَنِي گُوشْ اِيْدَنْ اَهْلْ عِرْفَانْ كِشِي اَكْرْ يُوْقْسَدَهْ رُومْ اَيْلِيْدَهْ اَيْشِي
 دَانِشْمَرْ هَمَانْ مِيَرْ و پَاشَاسَنَهْ گِيْدَرْ اَوَّلْ عَزِيْزَكْ تَمَاشَاسَنَهْ

Mufti of Ergena ;—I'd heard his fame :

“ In age, to look smart bachelor, his game ;

His chin and cheeks had ne'er been grac'd with beard ;

‘ Youthful for ever, then’—his motto heard ;

Fierce janissary like, his turban shawl,

Extinguisher to hide his science all.”

Casting in mind this youthful, beardless face,

Desire to see him in my heart took place.

Trusting a ready Mercury to meet,
This tetrastich I wrote the sage to greet :

“ Dear Mufti, whiskerless, but learn'd in law ;
Of luckless 'Izzet know, with ne'er a flaw,
That he has pin'd for thee, sad, eve and morn,
These months, since Keshān is his jail, forlorn.”

A friend just then on journeying intent,
Serv'd as my messenger ; my missive went.
My pen, like drinking-fount with waters sweet,
Was welcom'd in its invitation meet.

In Sha'bān's month my billet was sent forth ;
In Ramazān he reach'd me from the north.
Great my surprise ! A marvel of the age !
His ev'ry turban-fold of hearts a cage !
As bashful youth he took a seat down low ;
Moustache and eyebrows, each like archer's bow.
Girded on waist his sword,—our foes' affright,—
Made me conceive 'twas Rustem come to light.
His silver-mounted Arnaut pistols gleam'd,
And Moscow's awe-struck hosts to menace seem'd.
His speech gave evidence of talent keen ;
Belied, however, by his fatuous mien.
In troth, well versed he was in ev'ry “ art ” ;—
No “ crib ” of learning, nor from fashion's mart.
A Dervish-Chief,—Rufā'i's order 'tis
Whose precepts, rites, to teach, to act, were his.
His second nature, equity and law ;
Of outward show the world him careless saw.
Two days, or three, he lodg'd with me, a guest ;
Departing then, at home he sought his rest.
Ne'er had I met before such garb, such feature ;—
A genuine laughing-stock of human nature.
The stars had never twinkl'd on his peer ;—
To see him and not smile ?—O, never fear !
Should any son of learning, man of taste,

Hear this, though unconcern'd in land of Thrace,
Of Beys and Pashas let him make but light,
And straightway visit this most wond'rous wight.

A "Mufti" is an equivalent to our "Queen's Counsel." One is appointed in every district in Turkey by the Government. It is his duty to furnish all applicants, on payment of the fees, with a written "legal opinion" on any case submitted to him in general terms. He is not a judge of facts. The judge's office is filled by the Qādhi (Cadi), who applies the law, as furnished by the Mufti, to any particular case investigated judicially by himself. It is unusual for the members of the body of the 'Ulemā,—the Learned (*scil.*, in the Law), who are lawyers (not priests—for there are no priests in Islām, where everyone is a priest unto himself), to wear "*shawl*" turbans. They generally wind white muslin sashes round their caps, exchanged for green if they are descended from Muhammad through his daughter Fātima, and sometimes for black, if they belong to certain dervish orders.

Sha'bān is the eighth, Ramazān the ninth lunar month of the canonical year of Islām. During the latter, a strict fast is observed every day from the beginning of the "True Dawn" until sunset. To partake of food, to drink one drop of water, to smoke, take snuff, or even smell at a flower, within the prescribed hours, is sinful, save in cases of travel or sickness. The "False Dawn," which becomes visible before the "True Dawn," is the Zodiacal Light, and must not be heeded for worship-time or fasting.

In all countries of the East, courtesy and etiquette

compel the strictest attention to the place one occupies in sitting down in an assembly. The seat of honour is generally one of the two corners, sometimes the middle, of that end of the room most remote from the entrance door. This custom is alluded to in Luke xiv, 10 : "Friend, go up higher : then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee." The etiquette is not observed "at meat" alone, but on all occasions ; when even two persons sit down together in a room.

"Rustem" is the Hercules or Roland of Persian mythology. Like "Jack the Giant-killer," he performed wonderful feats in the good old days of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes, as is detailed in the "Book of Kings" by Firdawsī. Arnaut means Albanian ; and Albanian fire-arms are, as a rule, beautifully inlaid or overlaid with gold or silver work. The *Rufā'ī* dervishes are those so irreverently mentioned by English travellers as the "Howling Dervishes," from their rite of sitting in circles to ejaculate the name of *Jehovah*, Allāh Hū, الله هو, a great number of times ; for which see Lane's "Modern Egyptians."¹⁷

This is my last selection from the poetry of the Vice-Chancellor on the present occasion. I proceed, therefore, to the impromptu of his son, Fu'ād Pasha, addressed to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

XII.—Impromptu ; by Fu'ād Pasha.

(Written in the album of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.)

¹⁷ Fifth Edition, Murray, London, 1860, p. 456.

صَوْرَتُكَ سِرِّتُكَ بِرِ آيِيْنَهٗ صَافِي دِرِ
 حَسَنِ اخْلَاقِكَ اُولُوْر اَنْدَهٗ هَمَانِ جِلْوَهٗ نَمَا
 خَامَهٗ تَصْوِيْرَهٗ سَنِي مَقْتَدِرِ اُولُسِيْدِي اَكْر
 بَشَقَهٗ بِرِ صَوْرَتِ اِيْلَهٗ اِيْتَمَزِ اِيْدِي وَصْفِكَ اَدَا

Thy countenance a radiant mirror is, wherein
 The fairest beauties of the mind resplendent glow.
 Could artist's pencil truly paint thy crowning worth,
 No other semblance would the charming picture show.

Comment is needless, as to the sense. But an agreeable play is made upon the word which I have rendered by "countenance" and "semblance," literally meaning *form*. A lady's *form* or figure, and a lawyer's *form* for a will, &c., might be made into a similar pun by a competent artist.

XIII.—To a Lady, with the writer's photograph.

فِرَاقِ خَاكِپَايِكْ بَوْلَدِيْغِمْ كُوْنُ جَانْدَنُ اِيْرِلْدِمْ
 اَنِكْچُوْنُ شَهْدِيْ تَصْوِيْرِ تَنِ بِيْرُوْجِيْ كُوْنْدَرْدِمْ

With mortal pang I tore myself that morn from thee,
 Corporeally ;—my willing heart remain'd behind.
 This effigy, inanimate, memento-wise,
 Accept thou now ;—me shall it serve to keep in mind.

This, and the following piece, No. 14, the last of my present collection, were lately given me by a friend, their respective authors being unknown to him. In the second hemistich above, an ingenious little verbal artifice is carried through, that is quite lost in my paraphrase. By the peculiar arrangement

selected for the original words that signify respectively, “*effigy*,” “*body*,” and “*inanimate*,” the poet has managed, not really saying so, to make it appear that his body had become lifeless, the “inanimate” thing being, of course, the photograph. The suggestion so cleverly made is, “Away from thee I am dead; therefore I now send an effigy of my lifeless corpse.”

XIV.—Epitaph on an Officer killed in battle.

قَانِمْلَهْ يَازِدِمْ عَرَشَهْ بَسَالْتَلِي نَامِي
 طُولْدَرْدِمْ اَشْتَهْ خُونِ شَهَادَتْلَهْ جَامِي
 يَارَهْ چِيچَكْكِزِيلَهْ دُونَاتِدِمْ وَجُودِمِي
 سِير اَيْلسُونْ وُطْنِ يَكِيْتَلَرِي عَدْنَهْ خِرَامِي

My proud name I've recorded in blood
 Upon History's scroll of the brave;
 In the cause of my country my life,
 As a martyr I gloriously gave.
 Though my corse, deck'd with wounds as its flow'rs,
 Lies now mouldering 'neath the green sward,
 All my comrades' firm hearts are consol'd,—
 For they know I've gain'd Heav'n as reward.

Having thus concluded my self-imposed task of combating the notion that the Turks “have never had poets,” I have only to beg permission to call the attention of my readers to the fact that a *paraphrase* is not a *translation*. In the foregoing pieces I have given the spirit rather than the letter of the originals, whenever the matter, or the metre, or the rhyme, appeared to me so to require. In thus acting, my trust is that I have not irretrievably damaged,

to English minds, the beautiful productions of Eastern genius which I have endeavoured to make intelligible to my countrymen.

P.S.—Since penning the foregoing remarks, an instance has occurred which seems to demonstrate the common good sense of, I hope, the generality of Englishmen, in presupposing the existence of Turkish poetry. It has taken, however, the rather hazardous form of further preopining that a foreigner can put an English epigram into a presentable form of Turkish verse. At our public schools it is customary, as is well known, to exercise boys in making Latin and Greek verses. Could the old Romans and Athenians look over these productions, smiles would probably be observable on their features. This practice, however, presumably led my correspondent to propose the task to me. It gratified me more than the total denial of the “learned and talented Lord” had surprised me. I did my best, therefore, to meet the wish; and thence has resulted the following, my first, as it probably will be my last, attempt at Turkish versification. I will not guarantee the correctness of the metre, but the sense I will answer for. Poets will, peradventure, overlook my shortcoming out of regard for my motive.

On the Accession of Pope Leo XIII.
(An Epigram after S. Malachi.)

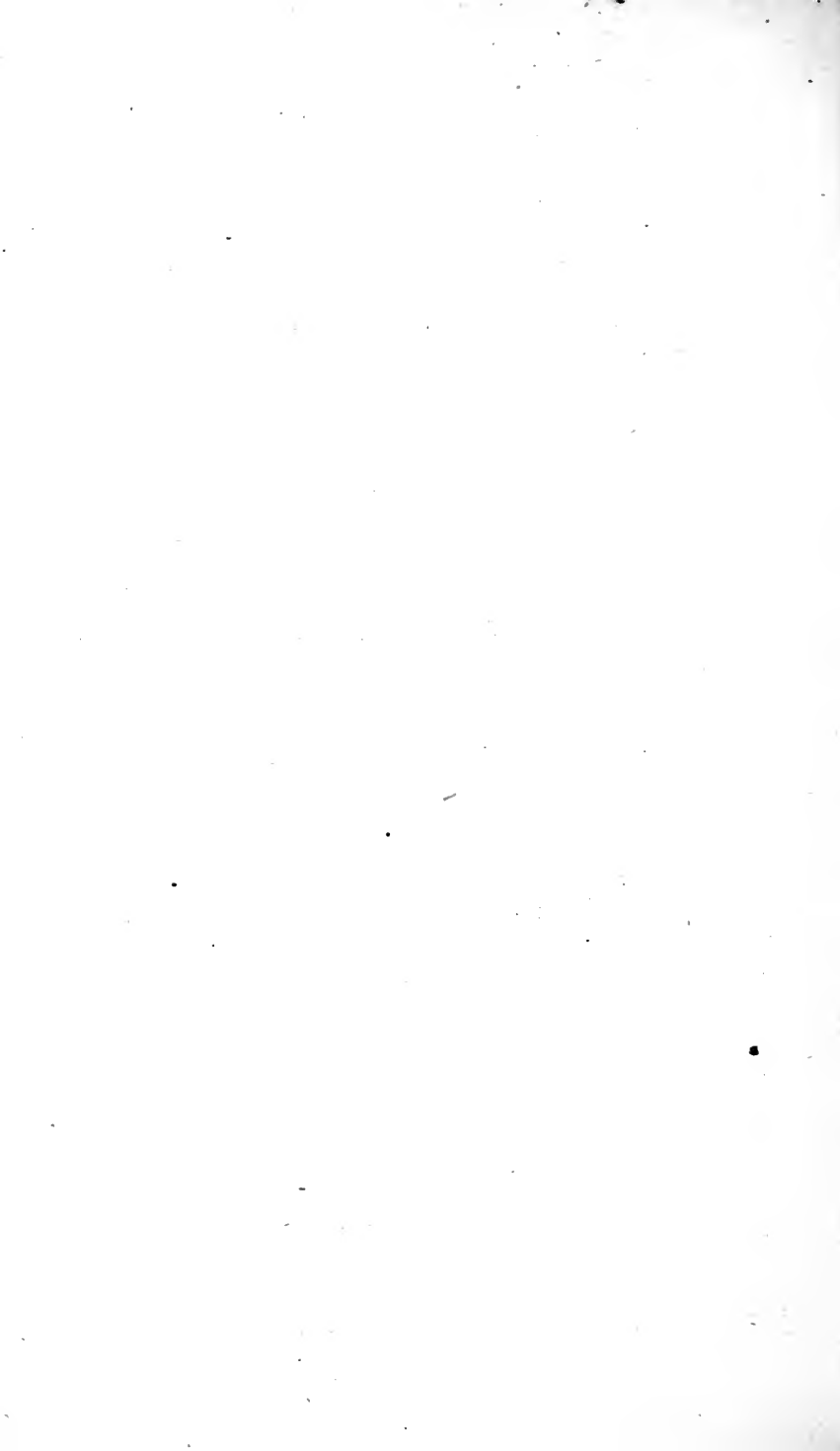
Through the Cross on Cross of Pius,
As through Mary's Dolours Seven,
Lo! from Death what Life emerges,
Joy from Anguish, Light from Heaven.

اون اوچنچى ليو ناميله پاپالى مسندينه بو دفعه قعود ايتمش ذاتك
قدومنه دائر تقريبا بيك يوز قرق سكر سنه ء ميلاديه سنده كويا مالاخى
نام عزيزك كرامه انبا ايلديكى اشارتك ترجمه ء منظومه نسي در

چكمش مريم انا درد لريني يدي
برده پيو پاپا چارمىخ بر چارمىخى
اولومدن سير ايله نه حياتلر چيقدي
غدن مسرت آسماندىن هم نور گلدی

J. W. REDHOUSE.

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